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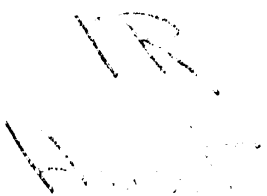

MY FIRST TRIP

TO

THE NEW WORLD.

BY

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PREFACE.

In presenting to the public this little volume, I feel I am supplying a want felt by many, viz., a short description of a tract of country which far surpasses in the grandeur of its scenery most other places. Few, indeed, who have not heard of the Falls of Niagara, or read of the rapids of the St. Lawrence, the mighty forests of North America, and the vast plains, the splendid rivers, and the beautiful lakes with which the Western World abounds. But to single out an account of each particular place from the various authors who have written on the subject, would be a task not within the reach of many; and I know of no work published in this country that contains an account of the places which I have in this little work endeavoured to describe. Before I left England for the United States, I was anxious to obtain some information respecting the tour I proposed to take, but after searching in vain through many libraries, I had to content myself with proceeding to America in ignorance of those places I felt a desire to become acquainted with.

Therefore it is with a view to explain to any desirous of visiting those world-renowned spots the various difficulties they shall have to contend with, and to give an idea of what is to be seen by a trip to the United States, that I have written what I saw and heard when, in the fall of 1864, I visited America. And though since I have been to places in the Southern States, and further south to the Carribean Isles and Central America, and gazed on the broad Pacific, and nearer home visited many places of interest in France and in Switzerland, I can look back with feelings of greatest pleasure to "My First Trip to the New World."

MY FIRST TRIP

TO

THE NEW WORLD.

SEPTEMBER 2nd was a beautiful clear morning, and the sun shone brightly o'er the eastern horizon as I awoke from my dreamy slumbers, and found myself snug and comfortable in my berth on board the ship *William Tapscot*. We lay still and calm anchored in the river Mersey, within a few hundred yards of the banks. On either side the steamers ran past, laden as usual with people going up to their business in the crowded town of Liverpool, the smoke of which ascended as if from some great furnace, and for a time hid from our view the tall spires of many churches and the tops of the houses. We had expected that early this morning we should have put out to sea, but the wind being unfavourable for running down channel, and the captain having a little business unfinished, our time for starting was deferred.

Saturday the 3rd passed by without much to notify, though it seemed a very long day to all who were anxious to see what kind of thing was sea-life;

and not knowing our exact time of starting we anxiously awaited the arrival of the captain. However, as night came on and no signs of departure, we returned to our cabins, when soon the all-powerful god took possession of our minds, and we enjoyed that repose which only visits the eyes of the weary.

Sunday morning before daybreak I was awoke by the voice of the stewardess singing out that the captain's boat had hove in sight, and that there were two ladies with him. These turned out to be friends of captain B.'s, who had come over with him from New York to enjoy a short time in England, and now were returning to their native land. Before many minutes had elapsed the boat came alongside, and a gangway being cleared, the captain with his friends embarked. The word of command was passed along, and soon the lifting-gear of the anchor was set to work, while the men merrily sang the usual

> "*Come*, heave away, my jolly boys,
> We're all bound to sea."

The anchor being up, which, however, took rather a longer time than I have taken to narrate the fact, we made fast a long rope, gave the end to the men in a tug-boat which was engaged to tow us beyond the bar, and a short way down Channel, put the helm about, and slowly sped along—*outward bound*.

The morning broke in all its freshness, the sun quickly rose above the horizon, and sparkled in the clear waters as we crossed the bar and stood out to sea, bidding farewell to Old England. Rather slowly we moved along, having only one small tug-boat to tow our large ship of 2,000 tons burthen; but notwithstanding we were soon out of sight of land, making down the Irish Channel.

At 4 p.m. the boat left us, and our pilot in it; it returned back, whilst we, with all canvass set, proceeded in the opposite direction. The day had been mild, with scarcely any wind, but about 8 p.m. a smart breeze from the N.W., if I remember rightly, got up, and continued to blow fresh for six days, thus preventing us from making much way during that time. With regard to myself, I had not been many hours on board—that is, after we got out to sea—before I experienced what *I* cannot say at least was to me a pleasing sensation—sea-sickness; and I was compelled to retire to my cabin, throw myself into a bunk, where I remained all that night and the whole of the next day and night. But on the following morning I awoke quite surprised to find how well I felt, and on getting up I discovered I possessed what I may say every sailor does possess, *i.e.*, a good appetite; and the savory smell coming from the cook's galley amidships clearly told that there were others on board who had not lost their taste for a

good beefsteak smothered in onions. But whilst I was rejoicing at my restoration to health, there was a young gentleman in the berth under mine who had suffered like myself, but did not get over it quite so soon; and I could not help having a hearty laugh at him whilst he lay groaning in the berth. But ere another twenty-four hours had elapsed he had quite recovered, and could join me in a laugh when we thought on the deplorable condition we had been in for the first two days.

On Tuesday morning, however, after having breakfasted, I went down 'tween-decks to have a look at the 400 emigrants who were under my medical superintendence, and whom I had not seen since we left port. Some I found in bed moaning over their sad fate; others were eating, without much apparent relish, their morning repast; whilst a third party were loitering about, not quite decided what step next to take. In answer to many inquiries as to what was to be done, I gave the very comforting assurance that, like myself, they would soon get over the sea-sickness, and that time was the only remedial agent of any value in the treatment of so very useful though disagreeable a malady. After having satisfied myself that all was going on well, I returned to the saloon, and, on inquiring, found that the ladies, though they had both crossed the Atlantic before, were suffering very much indeed; so I congratulated

myself on getting on my "sea legs" in so short a time, while others were still tormented by the natural consequence of a rough day at sea. Then, mounting the companion-ladder, I got on the after-deck, and paced up and down for some time, watching the waves as they rose mountains high and dashed their crested tops against each other, with such fury as to cause the foam to disperse itself far and wide beyond our view into the hollow of a receding wave.

Our strong ship rather slowly moved along, as the winds still continued to blow dead against us, and we were forced to continue tacking, making little or no way; and we began to grow weary of the Irish Channel, particularly our captain, who feared to turn in for a night's rest, as so many ships were in the Channel, both outward and homeward bound, and in so narrow a passage great care has to be taken to prevent collisions. However, on Saturday night a favourable breeze sprung up; the officer on the watch sung out the joyful news, and the captain, making all haste, righted the ship's head, and at a good speed, with all sails set, we bore down the Channel. The next day, on finding our position at noon, we discovered that we were abreast of Cape Clear, at which we were all greatly rejoiced, knowing that soon we should be clear of land and on the broad waters of the Atlantic Ocean.

But fortune having thus far favoured us, soon

departed; the easterly breeze that had raised our hopes and brought us clear of land gave place to strong northerly and north-westerly winds, which obliged us to make what little way we could by long and continued tacks.

On Tuesday the 13th instant we spoke a barque, which hoisted her colours and bore down upon us. At first, when a strange sail was reported on the port-bow making for us, we entertained fears lest it should turn out to be a Confederate cruizer, two or three of which were then knocking about on the look-out for merchant ships that could not defend themselves if attacked by a man-of-war. However, our fears were soon dissipated, as with the aid of the long glass we could make out her colours and the cut of her jib, as the sailor would say. The stranger turned out to be a barque bound to Queenstown, a port in the south of Ireland which was out of her reckonings, and anxious to get the right time from our chronometer, as theirs had stopped and they were ignorant both of the longitude and latitude in which they were; and not knowing what course to steer, kept beating about on the look-out for a ship in order to get the required information. On inquiring we learned she had been out 102 days; so with a black board and a piece of chalk we soon gave them the necessary information, and she sailed away with a fair breeze homeward bound, whilst we,

with an equally unfavourable wind, proceeded in an opposite direction, after having directed the captain of the barque, on his arrival, to report the ship *William Tapscot*, bound from Liverpool to New York, with 400 passengers, all well.

It was a beautiful evening, and the setting sun shone with resplendent grandeur, and hastened to dip its golden wings in the ocean before it left to illuminate the other side of the world, and give place to the clear bright moon which is always welcomed by sailors. We stayed on deck until a late hour, enjoying the fresh sea-breeze and conversing on the excitement caused by the coming of the barque. Indeed no one who has not been to sea can imagine the excitement that prevails all over a ship's company when the man on the look-out reports a sail in sight bearing down for us; and how much the more when the officer on watch reports that she has hoisted her colours, which is always a sign that she either wants to know the number and name of the ship or is anxious to speak. But in our case the excitement was increased by the knowledge of the fact that Southern cruisers were on the track of ships sailing between England and America under Union colours, and our old captain was a staunch Northerner and would not sail his ship under any other colours. At length, as evening verged into night, and dark shadows gathered round us, we retired to our cabins

and soon were encircled in the all-powerful arms of Morpheus.

The days passed by, fulfilling the old proverb, "one day telleth another;" and indeed most striking is this truism on board ship, when, not engaged in our saloons, we either lounged about the deck or paced up and down at a frantic rate, or ran up to the mast-head to awaken if possible our torpid livers, as we were wont to say—for a sailor blames his liver for every queer feeling he experiences while at sea. Then we anxiously looked out for meals, as we were wont to regard that time with especial pleasure, which reminds me of a remark made by the celebrated Speaks in his work entitled, "Savage Africa," "that on board ship one only existed—except at meal-time, when one generally lived;" and as far as my experience goes I always was fortunate enough to be able to vouch for the truth of the latter part of the sentence, though I might not quite agree with the former, which, however, many who do not care for the sea would heartily agree to. But when once the sea sickness has left, and the cold bracing atmosphere of the Atlantic begins to act on the system, few of the ship's company ignore the usual meal-time, but, on the contrary, need no clock to warn them of the approaching repast. We always had breakfast at 8 o'clock, dinner at 12½ o'clock, tea at 6 o'clock, and, if we wished for it, some supper

before going to bed, but mine usually consisted of a hard sea-biscuit well buttered and a glass of hot grog; this, with a haul on the ropes and the rocking of the vessel, never failed to secure a good night's rest. . However, before long we began really to enjoy the rocking of the ship as it mounted on some lofty wave, and then descended with a great splash into the bosom of the next as it came rolling on with unabated fury.

Nothing, to my mind, can be more grand than on a stormy night to stand on the quarter-deck and cast your eyes round the broad expanse of the mighty ocean, as the huge waves, with gigantic force, dashed against each other and sent the foaming spray far above the surface of the troubled waters; or to look round the vast expanse of heaven, and view the clouds as they chased each other, now and then leaving for a moment an interval through which the bright moon shone clearly, lighting up, though only for a moment, the picture one was gazing on; and then reflect on the Maker of these things, who has power to change the whole scene into the tranquil waters o'er which we may fondly gaze, and watch the rippling waves as they play round the ship.

The contrast here depicted can only be imagined rightly by one who has been at sea and seen the ocean in both states, and reflected on them.

Time rolls on, and when fourteen days at sea we

find we have only gone 500 miles from Liverpool; so, of course, we get more impatient, and eagerly look out for the easterly winds which should prevail during the month of September. But day after day came, and still strong north-westerly winds prevail, so that we are driven out of our course, and find ourselves not far off the Azores; and here a short consideration of these islands will not be out of place.

The Azores, or Western Islands, are a group in the Atlantic Ocean between 37° and 40° north latitude, and 25° and 31° west longitude. They occupy a position mid-way between Europe, Africa, and America, or nearly so; but formerly they were considered as belonging to Africa. The Portuguese sometimes call them Terceiras, that being the name of one of the islands in the group. In the year 1839 they were discovered and peopled by the Portuguese, to whom they belong, and by French, Spanish, and Flemish. In the year 1841 the population was 214,300. On account of the position of the islands, and their not being of any great size, or remarkable for any great quantity of any staple commodity, they are not much visited, which accounts for the great ignorance and simplicity for which some of the lower classes of the people are remarkable; and in some of the islands which, being very small, do not attract much attention, the inhabitants are great boors. In

all there are nine islands—St. Michael's, celebrated for its oranges; St. Mary's, which lies adjoining; Terceira, Fayul, Pico, Graciosa, and St. George's, which lie together in a group; and Corvo and Flores, which latter two lie more to the westward; the direction of the Azores, W.N.W. half-W. There are about 700 square miles of land in all the islands; they are of volcanic origin, and have frequently suffered from earthquakes. These islands are very hilly, with little or no table-lands, but rising peaks of a good height. The lowest of these peaks is St. Mary's, and it is 1,889 feet; and the highest that of Pico, which is 7,613 feet above the level of the sea. The climate is very fine, and the winters are mild; the constant sea-breezes which blow over the islands serve to change the temperature. There are some interesting observations made by a Dr. Buller during his stay in St. Michael's, which may be interesting to some of my readers; therefore, I shall quote his notes, as they will give us a fair idea of what the temperature is:

"The mean in-door temperature of a room in Villafranca, without fire, curtains, or carpet, during the winter months is 60°, with a mean range of 3°, and the out-door temperature during the day for the same period presents a mean of 60°, with a range of 7°. The mean difference between the climate in-doors and out-of-doors is so trifling as scarcely to

deserve notice, being no more than a small decimal fraction of a degree. There is, however, a difference of 4° between the range of the thermometer in the house and out-of-doors. Comparing the climate of Villafranca during the winter months with that of the south of England in the summer-time, it appears from Mr. Giddy's *Meteorological Journal* that the average mean temperature of the Land's-End in the month of August, during a period of twelve years, was precisely the same as that of the town of Villafranca; in St. Michael's, during the months of December, January, February, March, and April, over which the foregoing observations extend—namely, 60° 9′. The mean temperature of the winter months in St. Michael's, according to these observations, is 2° colder than Madeira, 5° warmer than Lisbon, 13° warmer than Nice, and 12° warmer than Rome and Naples." "The highest known extreme of July near the level of the sea is 86°."

These interesting observations throw a great light on the climate, which is, I believe, beautiful, and would prove of great service, I have no doubt, in certain cases of threatened consumption, as a wintering place where to escape the inclemency of an English winter—though, from not having visited these islands, or studied the subject sufficiently, I am unable to form any decided opinion. The islands are productive and the soil very fertile; but the

farmers do not cultivate their lands well, and the implements are often of the rudest kind. We find, however, growing in abundance, grain, oranges, bananas, coffee, lemons, limes, tobacco, and sugar-cane. The markets of Oporto and Madeira are, I believe, well supplied from these islands, which of late years have greatly improved. The most southern of the Azores is St. Mary's; it has a population of over 5,000, I believe, and is fertile in Indian corn.

Having thus glanced at the position and productions of the Western Islands, I shall again take up my narrative.

We continued tacking, running up and down in the hopes of getting into the track of the easterly winds; and though some days we made no way, yet most days we logged 100 or 150 miles if not becalmed; and this little and little advance each day in the right direction reminded me of the old saying, "Patience and perseverance drives a snail to America." So, hoping some day or other to see land, we kept up our spirits and managed to enjoy ourselves as best we could. The weather has now changed a little, and instead of the stormy winds, boisterous ocean, and rocking ship, we are wafted along, though rather slowly, through the tranquil deep. Scarce a single wave crosses the undisturbed bosom of the mighty ocean; the sun sparkles in the

clear blue waters, and numbers of Medusæ float past the ship's side, displaying their numerous colours as they come to the surface. Also, Mother Cary's chickens in numbers follow astern, picking up the choice bits of the refuse thrown overboard. These curious little birds follow the ships for days, flying astern just above the water, on which, however, they never seem to alight except perhaps for a moment. They are never seen by night, but where they go to I was unable to find out, unless they slept on the stern-chains, which I do not think they did; nor could any of the sailors elucidate the matter for me, for they believed that Mother Carey always took care of them during the hours of darkness, and when daylight comes they return and accompany the ship as usual.

During this beautiful weather we loll about the deck, every now and then looking at the compass with the vain hope of seeing the ship heading her course, and instead of which, to our chagrin, we usually find her heading in an opposite direction. But before learning the compass it was a difficult matter to understand why we were not making more way, as the ship appeared going ahead at about nine or ten miles an hour, and, of course, all parts of the sea seemed alike to one who did not know the path across the trackless ocean.

And now we begin to fear that the voyage will be one of those long forty days passages too often made

by the packets during the prevalence of head-winds; but "hope," than which no greater blessing ever was bestowed on man, kept us cheerful, and we are each moment hoping that an easterly or south-easterly breeze may spring up and fill our sails, thus wafting us along to the wished-for haven. But thus the fates do not permit, for head-winds continue to blow, retarding us and compelling us to make what little way we could by long and continued tacks.

We had in our second-cabin a family of Mormons as passengers, who amused us often in the evenings by singing their hymns; such discord could scarcely be imagined, as they all join in what I can only call making a noise, but which, however, they think superb, and reminds me of the old saying, "If ignorance is bliss, then 'tis folly to be wise." These people are generally considered good passengers, as they keep their places clean and neat, which, however, I regret to say the Irish and German emigrants have no idea of. Few persons that have not had an opportunity of judging for themselves, can be aware of the filthy habits that some of these emigrants have. They are crowded into a small compass 'tween-decks, and where the greatest amount of order and cleanliness should prevail to render the place at all comfortable, they mess about, and are too lazy to clean it up; in fact, the greatest trouble is experienced in endeavouring to persuade them that a certain num-

ber should each day take on duty, and help the stewards in keeping the place clean and neat. The food they are supplied with on board is not of the best kind, and often quite insufficient to satisfy their appetites, which soon become sharpened by the bracing air of the Atlantic. A certain quantity of salt pork, salt beef, or often, I dare say—now that horse-flesh is coming into fashion—salt horse. Then potatoes, flour, rice, mustard, and pepper, are served out twice a week; and if we consider what these people pay, we will not be surprised at the quantity or quality of food they are given. The usual fare, steerage passage, is in sailing ships from three to four pounds, and often I have known the fare as low as two guineas. The average run over to New York is about thirty days, and often fifty; so, if we consider that there is to be a profit obtained by the owners of the ship, we will see the expenses must be limited. But a much worse state of things did exist prior to the establishment of emigration officers by the government. These officers board all emigrant ships, and see that they have on board a fair supply of food before they are permitted to proceed on their voyage.

To return to the Mormon passengers I mentioned as being much more cleanly in their habits; they are far less numerous than the Gentiles, as they designate all outside their church, and are to be met with in batches—though sometimes, when a sufficient

number of disciples have been made by the Mormon missionaries in the British Isles, or on the Continent, they charter a ship and proceed westward all together, free from contamination or impurity, as they suppose, of the Gentile world. I have been informed by a captain whose ship was thus chartered, that they are very comfortable passengers, though they render themselves obnoxious sometimes by the great noise they make singing their morning and evening hymns. Great light has of late been thrown upon the manners and customs and modes of living of the Mormons of Salt Lake City by a work entitled "New America," by Mr. Hepworth Dixon, who resided there for some short time in order to get a good knowledge of these curious and misguided people; and he has given to the world as much information on the subject as could possibly be wanted about Mormons. He tells us that on arriving at Salt Lake City the new emigrants are met by Brigham Young, their great head or prophet. He delivers to them an oration, in which he tells them their first duty is to establish themselves. To grow vegetables, to work the farms, to build houses, must first occupy their attention. Their duty to God must follow after; for He is much more pleased by this exertion than by their offering praise to Him—and, in fact, Brigham Young fully acts up to what he preaches, for while the theatre is in full working order, the building quite

finished, and every night a crowded house, the temple of God is still unfinished and unattended. Can, I ask, anything be more calculated to please the depraved heart, that carest not for the things that be of God, than these principles of compromising, as it were, with the laws of salvation, as laid down by an ever-wise and loving God. The Mormons, indeed, show a great amount of religion, and like the Pharisees we read of in the Bible, love to be thought holy by men. They seek, amid the wilds of the far west and its seclusion, to isolate themselves from the world, and thinking, or pretending to think, that free from its contamination they may live a holy and spotless life, preparing themselves for an endless life of bliss in heaven, which we, poor ignorant Gentiles, know but little of. The prurality of wives, most people know, is one of their great beliefs; they think that wives are portioned out for each man in heaven, and the more a man is loved by the Almighty, the greater number of wives he obtains. These are not only for life, but sealed to them for all eternity; and according as a man advances in his social position, the increase of his farm, the need of extra help, so his right to more wives. The wives are taught to look up to their husbands as their lords, and to obey them. To excel in manual labour, to have a fair knowledge of farming work, and to keep the houses clean and neat, and pay particular attention

to cooking—these are the accomplishments of the fair daughters of the Mormon race. The theatre is their school for manner, address, and behaviour in society; but I hardly think the society of Salt Lake City is in any flourishing or advanced state. The revolver is the constant companion of the male sex, and not unfrequently used. I have heard, when in the States, that life is thought as little of in the "Great City" (at any rate if it be a Gentile life) as we think of the life of a blade of grass; and Mr. Hepworth Dixon seems inclined to corroborate this statement. That these people have fulfilled a wise decree of Providence, I doubt not; for, except by so wild though pleasing a fanaticism as caused the union of these people, how would such numbers ever be persuaded to leave their homes, and brave the dangers and encounter the difficulties which crossed their path to so remote a spot, where, had it not been for the establishment of the Mormons, even the ray of light of civilization which is now to be found in Salt Lake City, might never have penetrated those distant lands, and the Indian, in all his barbarity and savage feeling, would still have reigned lord of the soil, where the white man, except in great numbers, dared not place his foot. So, even if we look at the Mormons as having, in a certain degree, added to the civilization of that part of the globe which they now occupy, we must consider they have

brought about a great end, which to accomplish in any other way would seem impossible. The Americans talk of doing away with Mormonism, and say it is a disgrace to the country; but at present their hands are too full, and their exchequer too empty, to permit them to trouble the Mormons very much; and the followers of Brigham Young exult in increasing numbers, an improving country, and greater wealth. The opening of the railroad to California will, I doubt not, enable people to see more of Salt Lake City and its inhabitants, and perhaps, by rendering the place less isolated, may improve its moral condition—for to attain this end nothing can be better calculated than the social intercourse of people and nations. As to the Mormons, they flock to their settlement in America in vast numbers, and seem a very industrious people. Their "Head," as they call him, Brigham Young, has now, it is said, a great number of wives, and, I suppose, chooses for himself a fresh one from each batch of pretty girls which arrives in the colony, as he is despotic over the hearts of the fair sex in that locality—in fact, as much so as Henry VIII. is reported to have been when he was the proud monarch of the British Isles. They inhabit that portion of the western continent which lies to the far, far west beyond the Rocky Mountains, and are every day increasing their dominions in that fertile though wild

and romantic spot where nature bloomed undisturbed for so many hundred years, and where the wild Indians were wont to resort for the purpose of hunting the buffalo and deer, which frequent those regions in vast herds.

Tempus fugit, as the old Latin authors were wont to remind us. We have now been twenty-seven days at sea, and have not gone quite half-way, so our fears of a forty-five days passage appears likely to be verified, for strong head-winds oppose us when we endeavour to head for New York. However, we watch every breeze that springs up from a different point, vainly prognosticating that it was coming from an easterly direction.

October 1st was indeed a beautiful day; the deep blue ocean lay in undisturbed slumber, reflecting in its bosom the sparkling rays of the sun, which shines so brightly, and, as the hour of noon approaches, hastens to dip its golden wings in the friendly waters. I long for a swim, as the sea looks so inviting, and am only prevented from gratifying my desire by the fear of being seized by a shark, or offering a most grateful repast for some other monster of the deep. But beautiful as is the clear azure sky, lit up by the radiant beams of the golden sun sparkling in the crystal waters, without a breath of wind to disturb their play, still more beauteous to the anxious mariner is the smart breeze which wafts us along at ten or

twelve knots an hour, and while shortening our course, brings us nearer to the wished-for haven. Yes we actually begin to complain when this beauteous calm comes on, and wish for the more turbulent ocean and strong winds.

We have seen vast numbers of porpoises playing round the ship, as with the swiftness of an eagle they glide by, and soon far outstrip us. These fishes are considered by some as very good eating, and I am informed that the flesh of the back, when well cooked, most resembles a beefsteak, and is relished greatly by sailors; but as we did not take the trouble of catching any of them, I cannot vouch for the truth of the statement. We also saw a few whales. These gigantic monsters are indeed a fine sight as they roam in their wonted freedom along the mighty expanse of water, and lash with their tails the hollow of a receding wave, whilst apparently they spout the next some ten or twelve feet above the surface.

We had been just twenty-six days at sea, when at about eight o'clock in the evening of Saturday the 1st of October, as I had gone down 'tween-decks to see how the passengers were going on, a girl came running aft, crying and saying that the captain and the men were fighting, and that she had been knocked down whilst endeavouring to escape from the deck. This statement, as you may suppose, caused great

excitement among the passengers, which was soon increased by numbers who were on deck rushing headlong down the gangway with a confused idea of danger.

Having learned the cause of the disturbance, I at once addressed the male passengers, and told them that the men were in mutiny, and that if the captain was killed, in all probability they would never get to New York, as the men would fear to land, having murdered the captain. They at once expressed a willingness to follow me wherever I should lead them; so accordingly I at once made for the aft gangway, followed by about twenty or thirty unarmed but nevertheless strong young fellows. Clack! clack! went the sound of firearms overhead as we cleared a few boxes that lay in the way, and rushed up on deck. On reaching the deck, however, I met the passenger Stuart, who called to the men to keep back. I told him they were obeying my orders, and should come up, when he informed me that the mutineers had withdrawn from the attack, and were holding a consultation; so I directed my men to stay quiet for a short time, and keep themselves in readiness lest a second attack should be made. I then proceeded to inquire the state of affairs, which needed but little explanation, for I could distinctly, though the night was very dark, see the sailors, each armed with a marlinspike and

dirk knife, gathered in a close band right under the boats amidships, uttering dreadful oaths and cowardly threats. One of them stood in front, and was exciting them, and saying they would not stay to be licked, and calling upon the rest to come aft and finish the matter, from which, however, they wisely refrained. I then entered the cabin, which was a deck one, and these preparations for the defence were actively going on. Captain B. was loading his long gun, whilst his nephew was preparing to load one of his revolvers, he having just recovered from a blow on the back of his head given by one of the sailors who rushed after him as he was entering the cabin with a lantern in his hand, and with a belaying-pin knocked him over, at which moment the captain, coming out, fired two shots at random in the direction of the boats, where the men had retired to; but as the night was very dark and the mutineers were crouched under the boats, the shots did not strike any of them, but lodged in the side of one of the boats. However, the report of firearms frightened the mutineers, and they said they would then obey orders; so the captain sung out for all hands to go to the wheel and pump the ship. This was accordingly done, and showed for the present a repression of the mutinous feeling. The actual mutiny over, I retraced my steps into my cabin, and procured my pistol, which I found unloaded; so,

having got some ammunition from Captain B., I loaded it to the muzzle, knowing well its capabilities, and placed it in my pocket, ready for use. My attention was next drawn to the stewardess, who had got a severe blow on the bend of the arm. It had by that time become greatly swollen, and was very painful; but a cold evaporating lotion soon gave relief. The origin of the fray, I learned from our second officer, was as follows. A young woman came aft to the cabin-door inquiring for the captain, who came out to her, and on demanding what she wanted, was informed that one of the sailors had treated her badly, and hurt her very much. On hearing this, the captain called the crew aft, and told her to point out the man, which she accordingly did, and the captain, with more manly feeling than forethought, struck the sailor, who returned the blow, knocked the captain down, and drew his knife, but he soon disappeared as the officers came up. Then the captain called to the men to put him in irons, to which they responded by running forward for their knives and marlingspikes, and what then followed I have before narrated. All this happened in much less time than I have taken to write it, and can only be fully understood by one who has been engaged in a mutiny at sea.

That night we kept a close watch lest the sailors should make a second attempt, and I was stationed

on the couch in the cabin—by no means an uncomfortable berth—where I remained until three o'clock, at which time, finding everything quiet, I turned in and enjoyed a few hours sleep. The second officer's brother-in-law was before the mast, and brought us news during the night to the effect that none of the watch below had gone to sleep, as they were all waiting to be ready at a moment's notice to help the watch on deck should a second disturbance arise. However, on awaking in the morning I found all quiet. There were about seven or eight rascally-looking fellows, who had been the leaders of the mutiny, and their revengeful looks told clearly they were bent on mischief. We kept armed, however, whilst going among them.

It happened, however, that one night in the second watch, as the officers were giving orders to reef topsails, several belaying-pins were thrown at them, two or three of which struck them without inflicting much injury; and as the second officer was going forward he observed one of the men who was pulling on the ropes had a belaying-pin up his sleeve ready to catch a good opportunity to use it when he would not be seen. This clearly showed the mutinous feelings of the sailors had not subsided, and made us more cautious; and I must confess, though I always went armed amongst them, I felt very insecure, and when going into the forecastle I never

knew whether I should come out alive—as Captain B. told me to be most careful, as the men were rather unfavourably disposed towards me on account of the part I had taken the night of the mutiny. However, knowing there was a cherub up aloft that keeps watch over the life of poor Jack, I stood my chance, as one would say, though I have had occasion to present my pistol to vindicate my authority whilst in that not very desirable locality, a forecastle in a sailing ship.

The next freak the sailors tried was stealing the potatoes from the stores. Aided by the boatswain, who had the key, they managed to take away several baskets of them, which their Mormon friends conveyed away for them, and they in return were rewarded for their dishonesty by getting sugar and biscuits from the sailors. However, being informed by a passenger, the theft was put a stop to by putting on a new lock.

But whilst all this was going on, so were we, and more favourably than at first, for the winds had changed a little and were more propitious, and we found on reckoning that we are only 800 miles from Sandy Hook. By this time we have passed over the great Bank of Newfoundland, to where fishers from all countries resort to catch the cod-fish, which here abound in vast numbers, and attain an enormous size. But we, strange to say, saw none of the

boats, though it was very fine weather, and the right season. Our captain suggested that they were afraid of Confederate cruisers.

The island of Newfoundland, opposite the Gulf of St. Lawrence, having the Straits of Bellisle, 21 miles in width, separating it from the coasts of Labrador, is of a triangular shape, stretching from 47° 46′ to 51° 35′ north latitude, and from 52° 33′ to 59° 20′ west longitude; in length 450 miles, in breadth 300 miles, with its coasts rocky and deserted; is the resting-place and home of the fishermen who help to provide the world with the famous Newfoundland cod-fish that I have just mentioned as being very plenty about the Banks.

The Great Bank is situated between 41° and 49° north latitude. It is of a great length, being about 400 miles long, and from 120 to 140 miles wide. It has from 30 to 50 fathoms of water. The next is Vert, or Green Bank. It is 250 miles in length and 120 in width. Banquero Bank is smaller, though not very much so. The months for fishing are from April to October or November; bait is used chiefly for catching the cod, and one man can catch from 130 to 170 in the day. Trawling, I believe, is not practised in the cod-fishing on the Banks of Newfoundland; and, considering the numbers that even one man may catch in the season, it would not be expedient. Of course, the whole wealth of the island

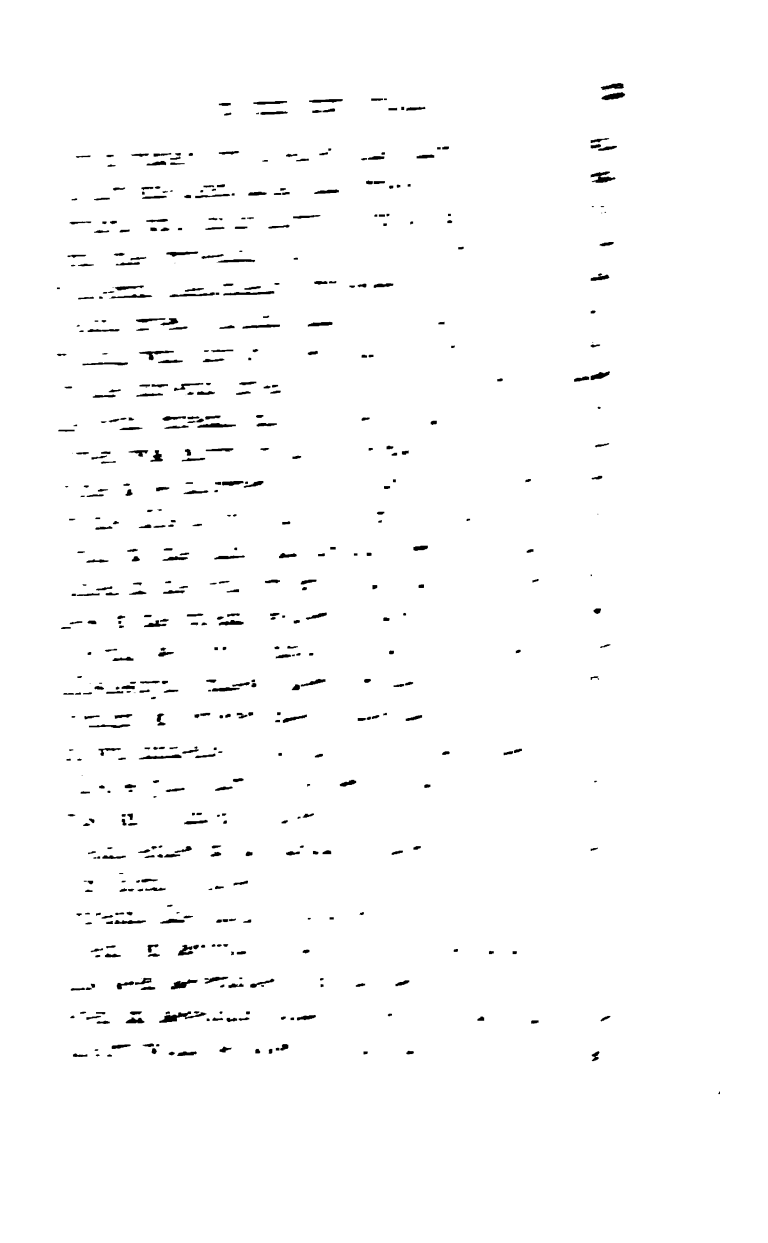
depends upon the fisheries; for, in addition to the cod-fish, the rivers inland are full of splendid salmon, which are prepared in hermetically sealed cans, and keep fresh for a number of years. I have eaten quantities prepared this way, and consider it not very inferior to fresh salmon. Besides the salmon and cod, herrings, mackerel, and capelans are abundant, and help to render the fisheries much more productive. In the year 1814, I believe, the export of fish brought in a revenue of £2,831,538. Also the capture of seals, which animals are valued for their beautiful skin, and also for the oil extracted from the flesh, is well looked after by the inhabitants. The Esquimaux use the flesh of the seal in large quantities as an article of food; but I believe in Newfoundland it is not regarded as edible, though of great value, on account of the quantity of oil contained in it.

We are now drifted at about a mile and a-half an hour in an easterly direction, which is most provoking, as we are very desirous of going westward. The current of the Gulf Stream is here the cause; and, *en passant*, I would direct the reader's attention to a short consideration of this wonderful and useful work of nature. Indeed, the more we inquire into the causes and the laws which regulate even the most familiar objects, we are struck with the splendour of their construction. If we enter the world of

flowers, and examine the many and varied objects we find in it, from the little and insignificant daisy that we crush beneath our feet in thousands, to the rose, the queen of flowers, either wild or cultivated, we shall find the most beautiful arrangement imaginable, and, like the human frame, a continued vital circulation carried on; but this is irrelevant here—we must return to the Gulf Stream. This wonderful river, flowing eastward from the genial waters of Florida's and Mexico's gulf, approaches Europe, and washes the shores of our British Isles, imparting a certain amount of warmth. Yes, Erin's emerald beauty and rich verdure are principally due to this great Gulf Stream, which keeps her waters in a warmer state than they could possibly be in were it not present, and makes her a fertile spot in the vast expanse of creation. As I have just stated, this oceanic river takes its origin in the Gulf of Mexico, and empties itself (if I may so speak) into the Arctic Ocean. In its course it passes the Bahamas, ascending northward as far as the Banks of Newfoundland, where, by the combined influence of several causes—the principal of which is its meeting the icy Arctic currents and the Banks—it turns eastward in its lengthy course for the Frozen Ocean, where it becomes extinct. But, by some beautiful and perfect law of nature, the Gulf Stream is enabled to flow through the trackless deep without

mingling its waters with the littoral waters of the ocean. It flows on the surface—its bed the briny sea, the waters of the Atlantic a wall on either side to restrain it and guide it in its course. In colour it is different from the waters of the ocean—opposite the coasts of Carolina it is of an indigo hue; and further on its course, as it passes Newfoundland, it becomes brownish; nor does it mingle with the waters of the ocean at its sides, for the distinct line of margin can be seen by persons near it. The waters of the Gulf Stream being so much more salt than those of the sea, accounts for the colour of the stream. If we examine the waters of the mighty rivers and lakes in the United States, Canada, or elsewhere, we will remark how green they are, while the ocean is a deep blue. This would favour the theory I am endeavouring to propound; for, as the great extents of fresh water present a greenish hue, and contrasted with the deep blue ocean, are remarkable, so is the indigo hue of the Gulf Stream as remarkable near Carolina's coasts. The experiment is simple. Let us take a given portion of river water and dissolve it in a given quantity of common salt, we will find the water become of a blueish hue, which will be increased by the addition of a greater quantity of salt. But the great saltness of this remarkable river has another function to perform. Not only does it account for its colour, but it also forms one of the

propelling forces, and, acting in conjunction with other agents, gives to it a remarkable velocity; also the constant differences caused by temperature in various parts of the ocean have a tendency to propel forward the several currents of the sea. So many, indeed, are the theories propounded by various philosophers as to the cause of the current of the Gulf Stream, the existence of which only an unlearned navigator is aware of, as, with an opposing wind, or even in a dead calm, he finds his ship drifting some knots to the eastward as he endeavours to proceed westward. The trade winds, amongst others, have been said to account for the onward current, but though their influence may more or less be a cause, when existing—if they were the sole cause, there would be no current when the winds ceased to blow; and I have often been becalmed when not a breath of wind of any kind crossed our path, and the sails hung uselessly about the masts and the ship's course was stopped—for the wind, which was her propelling force, having departed, left her stationary; but not for many minutes, as the current of the Gulf Stream, which was not arrested by the departure of the winds, drifted us along with it; and, indeed, on account of the great volume of water, I cannot believe that the winds could influence much the rapidity of the stream, for the force would be a surface one, and could not act with sufficient power upon the whole



sesses in itself its moving power, is, I think, the most likely; for, let us think how great should be the force to propel so great a body of water against such influences as oppose it across the Atlantic Ocean from the New to the Old World. Could the trade winds, were they even always present in full strength, produce this wonderful current? I think not. I have before alluded to the saltness of the water. The learned Captain Maury, in his well-known book, informs us that Dr. Thomassy examined the water with a most delicate instrument, and found, in the Bay of Biscay, that it contained 3½ per cent. of salt, in the trade wind region 4$\frac{4}{11}$ per cent., and in the gulf off Charleston 4 per cent., in spite of the combined efforts of the rivers and the rains to dilute the gulf, and render it less salt. For a full and more satisfactory reasoning on this subject I would refer my readers to Captain Maury's admirable book I have just mentioned, for the limits of this little work forbid me to enter too fully into this most interesting subject. Therefore, leaving the consideration of the cause of the moving power of the Gulf Stream, I shall pass on briefly to notice a few more remarkable points connected with this stream.

About the first thing that arrests the attention of the traveller, as he gains the limits of the Gulf Stream, in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean is a great

field of floating sea-weed (the *fucus natans*), which, covering a large extent of water, presents a most remarkable appearance. Sometimes in the distance one would fancy they saw land a-head, and I have been deceived at night by a large mass of this weed floating past the ship's side, supposing it to be a wrecked ship, bottom upwards. The great sea of weed is called the Sargasso Sea, and is situated between the Western Islands, or Azores, Canaries, and the Cape de Verde Islands. It forms a great source of amusement to those on board ship who fish for it. This is done by a piece of wire, bent so as to form four arms, each turned up at the end. This hook (if I may so call it) is then attached to a long piece of rope, and when the weed is seen a-head the person about to hook it up gets ready, and, when sufficiently near, throws the wire on the weed, which twines round it, and is then hauled on board. Though the process I have thus described may be considered a very easy, and by some a very stupid amusement, it is one which is generally resorted to by passengers when going through this sea of weed, and indeed far greater difficulty is often experienced in hooking the weed than at first sight one would imagine; for if the ship is going fast, or the pieces of gulf weed few and far between, even a most skilful fisher will often fail to hook a piece; but when landed on the deck and examined, this weed presents

a most beautiful and remarkable appearance, for it is frequently covered with the most delicate and almost microscopic objects—shells of various shapes and tints, tiny fish, and other aquatic animals, all most beautifully formed, and, though small, most perfect. If, however, we possess a microscope, a wide field of most instructive amusement lies before us, for we could spend hours viewing even one small piece of this weed, so numerous are the objects of interest that inhabit that world of theirs. May we not in this find some clue to one of the causes of the motive power of the Gulf Stream? There is also another great property of the Gulf Stream, which is amongst the first to strike us—namely, its temperature. One would hardly suppose in the middle of the Atlantic, on a chilly evening, that all the sea on which we were sailing was quite hot; but such is the case when we get into this stream. The water, which before was icy cold, so that one avoided the wet line which, having been thrown overboard astern to determine the number of knots the ship was going, is hauled in dripping with the briny water, benumbing our fingers as we roll it up on the reel; but great is the surprise to those unacquainted with the Gulf Stream to find the line quite warm and the water almost hot. On plunging the hand into a bucket of water just drawn on board of a cold winter's day, one pulls out the hand again on feeling the water so

hot. This great heat is accounted for by the difference of temperature of the air and water in winter. In the month of September I have found the water of the Gulf Stream, just off the Banks of Newfoundland, 78° Fahrt., while the atmosphere was only 75° Fahrt.—that is, 3° higher than the air in the same place; and indeed I have used this water for the purpose of a warm bath; and, as I have stated in the commencement of my description of this remarkable river, its great warmth is one of the causes of the fertility of our British Isles; it is also one of the causes, in itself, of its motive power, for hot water does not possess that affinity for cold water that water of the same, or nearly the same, temperature does. We are all aware, doubtless, of the amount of stirring that water requires when, for a bath, we pour the hot into the cold. Again, if we let a quantity of cold water flow over the hands for a minute or two, and then suddenly pour over them even scalding water, we will not feel the heat until the cold water has been displaced. Of course, a very short time suffices for this last-mentioned experiment. Lastly, the difference in temperature of the water of the Gulf Stream and that of the ocean through which it runs. It has been estimated that when the ocean is at its coldest off the Banks of Newfoundland, a difference of from 18° to 27° exists between its waters and those of the Gulf Stream. So one can readily

imagine how hot the water would feel if suddenly, after passing through water at 55°, we come into water at 84°.

So interesting, indeed, is this subject, that it is with regret I leave it; but I have expressly desired, in preparing this work, to glance as briefly as possible at the physical geography of the sea; as, were I to start upon the consideration of this most interesting topic I would not know where to leave off until I had glanced at some of the chief features of interest, and they being so numerous, would exclude other things that I have desired to bring before the reader's consideration.

Alas! nothing is certain. We were within 507 miles of Sandy Hook yesterday, the 9th of October, at twelve noon, and began to count on reaching land by the Thursday following; but this morning we find, on looking at the log-book, we have made nothing, and have been drifted about sixty miles eastward by the Gulf Stream—which is here very strong, as I before mentioned—one mile and a-half an hour. We begin one and all to feel impatient, being so near land, and yet having no winds to waft us in, and now more than ever long for the strong east and north-east winds which would blow us in in two or three days.

We have just been thirty-seven days at sea, and have been tossing over many hundred miles of the

broad Atlantic, not able to go our course on account of the strong head-winds which oppose us, and of which I have so often complained; so we give it up as a very bad case, and cease to reckon our day of arrival. About this time, when all on board were growing weary of the ship, and expecting every day to hear something of land, I was asked by two old ladies, passengers, when we were going to get in; to which I replied, "To-morrow or after." So, on the morrow, as I was reading in the saloon, Captain B. came in, and asked me if I had told the passengers we were going to land that day? I told him I had not, when he said that they were all dressed in their Sunday best, and were hauling about their boxes; and when he asked them what was up, they replied they were getting ready for landing, and gave me as the source of their information, saying the doctor "tould us." So I remembered I had been humbugging some old women, and had said "To-morrow or after;" and on my explaining, the captain joined me in a hearty laugh at the unfortunate, though duped ones.

However, again passing over a period of but little importance to anyone except the ship's company, I shall pass on to the close of the voyage.

It was on October 16th we found ourselves running up and down in sight of Fire Island Lighthouse, and viewing with expectant eyes the long wished for

land; and you can hardly imagine what excitement it produced in the saloon when Captain B. came in and unexpectedly informed us that "there was land in sight." We rushed up on deck, but could discern nothing until we gained the landing on the foremast, and from an exalted position obtained the first glimpse of the New World. But, oh! how aggravating—the winds still continued to blow right off the land, and kept us out tacking up and down. However, we anxiously looked-out for the pilot, but as none appeared, and as night closed round us, we retired to rest in hope.

The next morning we awoke full of expectation of landing that day, and we kept a good look-out for a tug-boat, which was our only chance, as the winds still continued to blow off the land. We saw many small sail-boats making along the coast, and one little tug-boat which our captain said was far too small to attempt so large a vessel as ours. However, before long, by the aid of the ship's glass, we are able to see a small, well-built craft putting out from the shore, and as she approaches we can make out her number, and so rejoice to find she is a pilot-boat making for our ship. We anxiously await her arrival, as the pilot always brings the latest news on board and a bundle of newspapers. At last, however, he arrives. We lower the gangway—he jumps on board, a welcome visitor, and distributes the papers

which we eagerly devour. In about half-an-hour after the arrival of the pilot, one of the officers came down to the cabin and informed the captain that there was a tug-boat alongside, and that the master wanted to speak with Captain [illegible]; so we went up on deck, and after a few moments' parley the boat was engaged to tow us in. Soon the sails were clewed up, and the [illegible] boat began to tow the small tug commenced to tow us into Sandy Hook; and then for the first time we felt certain of reaching land. However, before long another tug put out to our help, and, with the aid of both boats, we neared the land at the rate of five miles an hour, and soon gained the long wished for Sandy Hook. The country round looked charming to our enchanted eyes, and formed a most agreeable contrast to the blue ocean we had spent the last forty-seven days on, and now had left.

At about six o'clock in the evening we stopped abreast of Statin Island in hopes that the government doctor would come on board and give us a clear bill of health, thus permitting us to proceed on to New York that evening. But after waiting about half-an-hour, we dismissed our tug and dropped anchor for the night. All was still and quiet, and the houses on either side of the river being lighted, looked very pretty, and contrasted greatly with the trackless deep we had just left.

Early the next morning I got up and went on deck. It was a clear morning, and the rising sun shone with resplendent grandeur over the hills, lighting up this side of the globe in its fiery passage. The lights in the houses began to grow dim, and morning broke in all its sweetness. About 7 a.m. the doctor came on board and passed us; and half-an-hour afterwards the tug commenced to tow us up to the mighty city of New York. The scenery was as novel as beautiful; the various little islands, clothed in their autumnal tint, and casting their image into the clear water beneath, looked charming, and helped, with the freshness of the morning, to raise our spirits, as in blessed anticipation we beheld the long wished for city of New York. We were not long waiting to go on shore, as in the course of an hour our captain sung out that he was going, and wanted to know who would like to go, which comprised everyone that could. So accordingly off we went, and at 10½ a.m. landed in South-street, opposite Messrs. Tapscot's office, where we first went to.

After remaining there some short time, in order to give my companion, Mr. Wood, time to obtain some greenbacks to show we were not altogether so green as we looked after a sea voyage, we started to view for the first time the City of New York. It was a beautiful day, and the sun shone brightly

as we walked up one street into another, gazing at the stupendous blocks of buildings. We entered the Broadway, delighted with all we saw, stared at the crowds of Yankees that thronged the place, and came to the conclusion—"What a city! what a people!" After walking about for three hours and a-half we parted, as Mr. Wood was going over to Brooklyn to look up some friends, and I, being quite tired, went down to look for the ship, which I found just swinging into her berth, Pier 47, North river. So I went on board, and stayed there all that night. The next day being Sunday, I went to Trinity Church, Broadway, which seemed quite a novelty. I was a little late, however, but came in for the sermon. This church is a very handsomely-built edifice, and stands on the left-hand side going up Broadway, a little below the celebrated Astor House, or perhaps the more familiar Barnum's Museum, which, however, stood on the opposite side. From this, after service, I strolled up to the International Hotel, another very fine building in the Broadway, but higher up. Here, at Taylor's Saloon, as it is called, I had a capital dinner served in American style. This grand saloon is well worthy of a visit from the traveller. On either side are placed about thirty small marble-topped tables, and round them comfortably stuffed semicircular seats, and at the back of each, along the walls, high mirrors in handsome

frames. The centre of the upper saloon is supported by massive gilt pillars, and the ornamental decorations far surpass everything I have seen in any saloon elsewhere. To this place numbers of all nations resort, as you can have any meat cooked in any style, at any time of the day, for a moderate charge. The hotel upstairs is conducted on the European style, and is most comfortable. Towards evening, I went and spent a short time with some friends—in fact the only people I knew in New York; and at about eight p.m. retraced my footsteps to the ship, where I had taken up my sleeping quarters. Monday morning I awoke and found it was just seven o'clock, so being anxious to see more of the city I started off, and of course before long found myself at Taylor's Saloon. Here there was an official bulletin and a telegraph station, and the various fluctuations in gold were always marked. At this time the war was at its height, and the prices of gold varied greatly. I have more than once read the quotation at the International Hotel, and when I got to Wall Street, the place for exchange, it was different—in so short a time would a change be made, for the distance is only about one mile. After walking about New York—a description of which I shall not here attempt to give, but leave it for my description of New York—I had to return to the ship and remain quiet, as I had overwalked

myself, and feared lest I should have been prevented from taking the trip up the country which I intended doing in a few days. However, the next morning my friend, Mr. W., called, and after making him give an account of himself, I proposed we should visit the Falls of Niagara, to which he assented, as he was going in that direction to see his uncle, who resided in Dexter, a place beyond Detroit, on the shores of Lake Michigan. So, going to an office, we obtained tickets to Niagara, proceeding from New York up the Hudson river to Albany, and from thence by train through the Mohawk valley to the Falls. All being settled, we appointed to meet on board the next morning at half-past seven o'clock, and separating we each sought our respective places of abode. Early the next morning, with a small bag in my hand and a fur skating cap on my head, to give me a Yankee appearance, I left the ship and sought the place of rendezvous, where I found my friend, and embarking on board the steamboat *Vanderbuilt*, which was to convey us up the Hudson to Albany, we deposited our bags in the luggage-room, and proceeded to examine the boat, which looked to us the most extraordinary piece of aquatic architecture, if I may so call it, we had ever seen or heard of. It was a large wooden house, with windows and doors and a flat roof, built on a boat; inside, the saloons were fitted up just like our drawing-rooms,

in the most splendid style—comfort and elegance combined—and a large stove in the centre. There were two saloons on the deck and one below, which was the dining saloon, for you would not find an American boat without its dining saloon, fitted up in all respects like a parlour in a house, with every convenience imaginable, and dumb waiters swung overhead, whilst dozens of nigger waiters attend at the back of your seat, and rush after everything you select from the bill of fare. Placing it before you, with a characteristic swing that threatens to send it flying off the plate, they interrogatively demand, "That all right, sar?" to which you reply, "Wal, I guess, for a minute or two." I shall not, however, here attempt to enter into a description of such a repast; the manner in which I have alluded to it *en passant* will be sufficient for my purpose. Therefore, leaving the dining saloon and dinner, I shall now endeavour, as briefly as may be consistent with clearness, to give a description of the magnificent scenery along the Hudson river, which I hope may prove interesting.

Eight o'clock sharp the bell rung, and the boat started from her moorings and soon was in the middle of the river; and from the very commencement most attractive views met our eyes, which increased in beauty as well as in number as we proceeded up the Hudson. This grand river in many

points of view may be considered one of the most important streams in the world. I do not pretend to say that it can vie with the Mississippi or Ohio, or several other great rivers, either in size or extent. But in several other points of view it is far their superior, extending as it does for a distance of 160 miles inland through a rugged chain of highlands, and carrying tide-water the entire distance. The river Hudson is navigated by boats as far as Troy, but the town of Albany is the principal port of destination, for just above it the river becomes much narrower, and will not admit large boats. But the entire length of the river is 325 miles. It rises in the marshy district of Essex county, east of Long Lake; its head waters are nearly 4,000 feet above the level of the sea. After receiving the waters of Scroon on the north, and the Sacondaga, which flows from the Hamilton county, on the west, it turns eastward until it reaches the meridian of Lake Champlain, where it suddenly sweeps round to the southward, and continues in a direct course to New York. The day turned out very fine and the sun shone warmly, which gave a greater charm to the scenery, which quite enchanted us. On either side lofty mountains with their snowy peaks formed the back-ground, and nearer the banks of the Hudson, studded with numerous villages and stray huts, completed the picture.

The legendary and historical interests associated with numerous spots combine to render the Hudson the classic stream of the United States, and fraught with interest not only to the Americans, but also to the traveller interested in this splendid country. The width of the river for 25 miles above New York is about one mile; its west bank is bounded by abrupt precipices of trap rock termed palisades. Beyond this the river widens into two bays, Tappen and Haverstraw, with lofty mountains on the western shore 700 feet in height. Coming on then to Verplanch's Point the highland scenery commences; the river grows narrower and deeper. This mountainous district of about eighteen miles long forms the most remarkable feature in the Hudson scenery. Above this the country subsides into a fertile hilly region not less beautiful. You can hardly imagine the grandeur of the whole thing, for it seemed never ending as we flew by at the rate of twenty miles an hour—a wonderful speed for any steam-boat.

If time would permit me, I could take up a large amount of space in this work if I were even to give ever so short a description of all the places of interest along the banks of the Hudson; but I must pass over many of these, merely glancing at a few of the most interesting spots between New York and Albany, and describe the river.

The river Hudson derives its name from its dis-

coverer, Henry Hudson, who, in the year 1609, landed on Long Island, and traded with the natives. He thus describes his visit: "I went on shore in one of the canoes with an old Indian, who was chief of fifty men and seventeen women, and whom I found in a house made of the bark of trees, which was exceedingly smooth and well-finished within and all round about. I found there a great quantity of Indian corn and beans; indeed, there lay to dry near the house of these articles as much as would load three ships, besides what was growing in the fields. When we came to the house two mats were spread to sit on, and immediately eatables were brought to us in red wooden bowls, well made; and two men were sent off with their bows and arrows to kill wild fowl, who soon returned with two pigeons. They also killed immediately a fat dog, and in a very little time they skinned it with shells which they got out of the water. They expected I would have remained with them through the night; but this I did not care to do, and therefore went on board the ship again. It is the finest land for tilling my feet ever trod upon, and bears all sorts of trees fit for building vessels. The natives here were extremely kind and good-tempered; for when they saw that I was making ready to return to the ship, and would not stay with them, judging it proceeded from my fear of their bows and arrows, they took and broke

them to pieces, and then threw them into the fire. I found grapes growing here also, and plums, pumpkins, and other fruit." The language of this description is, I think, most striking. As I have before stated, this fine river rises in Essex county, and, flowing past Long Island, empties itself into the Atlantic Ocean. The junction of several streams at the head of the Hudson which pour their waters into it is formed in north latitude 44° 51′. A branch from the eastward passes through Lake Scroon, and the western branch, which is considered the principal, takes a circuitous route from the north-west. Both streams unite in Warren county; it then flows southward about fifteen miles, when the Sacondaga river flows into it. It then passes on to Hudley Falls, fifteen miles more; then turns north-east to Glens Falls, about twenty miles further on; it then flows south; turning a little way in its course, it flows on to the Atlantic. About forty miles below Glens Falls, between Petersburg and West Troy, it receives a great addition in the waters of the Mohawk river, which, rising far west of the Hudson, and to the east of the Lake Ontario, about forty miles, flows on past Uttica and through the Mohawk valley, a distance of 135 miles, and empties itself into the Hudson. Here then the Hudson deepens and becomes a much finer river, and navigable by boats of large tonnage.

Passing the town of Troy the river turns a little to the west, and flows past Albany. The distance then run is about 158 miles, and from Albany to New York is about 160 miles, making in all a distance of 318 miles. The river does not possess any great variety of fish, but large quantities of sturgeon, shad, and even herrings, come up in the spring; no salmon I believe are found, but small fish, such as bass and perch, are abundant. The ice blocks up the river about December, and does not clear off much before the end of March.

It is interesting to know that upon the Hudson the first successful attempt was made to propel vessels by steam, and I should think there is no river in the world where one would meet a finer or more powerful fleet of steamboats than those which now navigate this river as far as Albany. The first attempt was tried by Mr. Fulton in the year 1808. This celebrated man thus describes the occasion, when speaking about it to Judge Story: "When I was building my first steamboat," said he to Judge Story, "the project was viewed by the public at New York either with indifference or contempt as a visionary scheme. My friends, indeed, were civil, but they were shy—listened with patience to my explanations, but with a settled cast of incredulity on their countenances. As I had occasion to pass daily to and from the building-yard while the boat was in pro-

gress, I often loitered unknown near the idle groups of strangers gathered in little circles, and heard various inquiries as to the object of this new vehicle. The language was uniformly that of scorn, sneer, or ridicule. The loud laugh rose at my expense, the dry jest, the wise calculation of losses and expenditure, the dull but endless repetition of 'the Fulton Folly.' Never did a single encouraging remark, a bright hope, or a warm wish cross my path.

"At length the boat was finished, and the day arrived when the trial was to be made. To me it was a most trying and interesting occasion. I invited many friends to go on board and witness the first successful trip. Many of them did me the honour to attend, as a matter of personal respect, but it was manifest they did it with reluctance, feigning to be partners of my mortification and not of my triumph. I was well aware that in my case there were many reasons to doubt my success; the machinery was new and ill-made, and many parts of it were constructed by mechanics unacquainted with such work, and unexpected difficulties might reasonably be presumed to present themselves from other causes. The moment arrived in which the word was to be given for the vessel to move. My friends stood in groups on the deck; I read in their looks nothing but disaster, and almost repented of my efforts. The signal was given, and the boat moved on a short

distance, and then stopped and became immovable. To the silence of the preceding moment now succeeded murmurs of discontent and agitation, and whispers and shrugs. I elevated myself on a platform, and stated that I knew not what was the matter, but if they would be quiet and indulge me for half-an-hour, I would either go on or abandon the voyage. I went below, and at once discovered that a slight mal-adjustment was the cause of the stopping. It was obviated, and the boat went on. We left New York—we passed through the islands—we reached Albany; yet, even then, imagination superseded the force of fact—it was doubted if it could be done again, or if it could be made, in any case, of any great value."

Besides the splendid steamboats plying between New York and Albany there is a railroad which runs along the banks of the Hudson; it is accordingly called the Hudson River Railroad. It was deemed for a long time a project unworthy of attention to cut a railroad through the highlands, as if even it was made it would not be able to compete with the river boats, which run twenty-two miles an hour. But time has proved this to be incorrect; for the railroad has been made, and succeeds well—for during the winter months, when the Hudson was frozen over, there was no mode of transit except by the ice-boats, and so large a number of passengers

are conveyed by the river that to the go-ahead American it appeared a great waste of time only to travel at twenty miles an hour; accordingly the road was made, and it pays well. Its entire length from Chamber-street, New York, to Albany, is 143 miles. At Verplanch's Point, which is about forty miles from New York, the road leaves the river side for a short way, running to the westward about two miles. It is remarkable that 114 miles of this railroad is on a dead level, the total rise and fall is estimated at 213 feet only. There are eight tunnels between New York and Poughkepsie.

1	Oscunwana and Peg Island -	225 feet in length.
2	Abbott's Point Bridge tunnel-	100 ,,
3	Flat Rock - - -	70 ,,
4	St. Anthony's Nose - -	400 ,,
5	Garrisons at Phillips' Hill -	900 ,,
6	Breckneck Hill - - -	400 ,,
7	New Hamburg - -	1400 ,,
8	Milton Ferry - - -	100 ,,
	Total - -	3595

All these tunnels are through solid rock, and are twenty-four feet wide and eighteen feet high; above Poughkepsie there are two tunnels, Kelly's tunnel and Garretson; there are ninety bridges, ten of which are drawbridges. This railroad cost, inclu-

ding the cars, 12,700,000 dollars; of this sum 3,700,058 dollars consists of stock, and the rest has been obtained by mortgage bonds. There are several other points of interest connected with the making of this road, but they are too lengthy to command any attention in this work; therefore, hoping I have enabled the reader to understand the ways and modes of transit along the Hudson river, up country, I shall proceed with a description of some of the places of interest along its banks.

Of course the most important place is at the termination of the Hudson—the city of New York; but as, when I visited the States and made the interesting tour I am recounting, I passed over New York, only staying there two or three days, determining on my return to examine the various places of interest, I shall now omit any description of New York, and leave that until after my return from the country; therefore I propose to give a short description of the other and less noted places one visits up the Hudson.

There is a capital work, which is published by Phelps and Watson of New York, and sold as a guide as you are entering the steamboats on the Hudson; it is entitled "The Traveller's Steamboat and Railway Guide to the Hudson River," and I should advise any of my readers who intend visiting this fine river to procure one of these guides, as it

will give a lengthy description of several places of interest on the route to Albany. I may add that I am indebted to it for a great deal of information which I possess about the places I am about to refer to.

Dobb's Ferry was an important place during the Revolution, and is now a place of considerable resort during the summer months. It is quite close to Sunnyside, the residence of Washington Irving, and on account of the neat and embellished grounds surrounding it, with its proximity to the river, attracts the traveller's eyes as he passes by. Piermont, on the west bank, is the place of starting for freight on the New York and Erie railroad. Three miles and a-half west of it is the village of Tappan, the head-quarters of Washington during the Revolution, and the place where Major Andre was executed, October 2nd, 1780. Sing-Sing, 32 miles from New York, is beautifully situated, and is worthy of notice, as it possesses a mineral spring held in reputation, and also a large academy for boys, built of Sing-Sing marble. But the principal object of interest is the State Prison, the grounds of which comprise 130 acres; and as it is just on the banks of the river, it can be approached by vessels drawing 12 feet of water. The main building is 484 feet in length and 44 in width; it is 5 storeys high, with 200 cells on each floor—in all 1,000 cells. Crotin, 35 miles

distant from New York, is a small but thriving village, celebrated for the far-famed fountain reservoir of the Crotin Waterworks, by which New York is supplied with pure water. The works were commenced in 1835, and finished the 4th of July, 1842. The whole cost, including the high bridge across the Haarlem river, was about fourteen million of dollars. Peekskill, 42 miles from New York, is one of the most beautiful and romantic spots on the banks of the Hudson. It is the birth-place of John Paulding, one of the three men who arrested Major Andre at Tarrytown. A monument has been erected to him near the town.

Westpoint is indeed a very pretty place, situated on elevated ground some 80 feet above the river. The scenery all round and the views from the village are very fine. This place is situated in Orange county, on the west banks of the river, 53 miles from New York, in north latitude 41° 23′ 31″, west longitude 73° 57′ 3″. I give the exact position of this place, as it is noted for the great military academy which, in the year 1802, was founded for the education in military tactics of young officers about entering the Union army; and it is a noted fact, which I have heard remarked, that all the great generals who have risen to eminence during the late war had been to a military academy, many of them educated at Westpoint; and I cannot do better than

quote a description which I have read of this academy. "The new cadet barracks compose a noble edifice in the Elizabethan style, with towers, battlements, and embrasures. The academic hall contains the recreation and drawing rooms, the picture gallery, the cabinets of engineering and geology, the laboratory, the fencing rooms, and the riding-hall. The library building has an imposing appearance. The library room, which is used for the examinations and for winter concerts, contains a valuable selection of 15,000 volumes. The observatory, which occupies three towers, possesses a fine transit instrument and a large mural circle, and an indifferent equatorial. The hospital, hotel, professors' houses, laboratory, and store-house, the dragoon stables, the commissariat store, the band and engineer barracks, and various minor tenements, complete the buildings of the establishment. For each congressional district one cadet is allowed, whose appointment is practically in the gift of the representative in Congress from that district. Contingencies considered, a vacancy occurs about once in three years for each district. The corps of cadets usually numbers about 250, and is organized into a battalion of four companies, all officered by cadets. Over these is the commandant of cadets, an army captain, who is the immediate military head of this battalion; also four army lieutenants, commanding the four companies

as assistant instructors of tactics. The cadet first-class furnishes the requisite cadet captains and lieutenants, the second class the sergeants, and the third class the corporals; all other cadets serve indiscriminately as privates. The usual staff of teachers consists of the superintendent, two officers in the engineering department, three in philosophy, six in mathematics, two in chemistry, three in ethics, two in drawing, four in practical engineering, three in French, five in infantry tactics, four in artillery and cavalry, and an adjutant, a surgeon, and an assistant-surgeon, being thirty-eight in all. These officers are all detached from the regular army for the duty at Westpoint, and are in turn greatly instructed by the necessities of teaching. The system is excellent in always keeping the academy young and vigorous, while the army is bettered by the higher progress in science thus wrought out among its officers, who are in time returned to their field duties." Here, should the visitor desire to stop and spend a few days, he will find a comfortable hotel on the top of the hill, from which, looking northward towards Newburg, a fine view is to be seen, and, if a clear day, the Shawangunk mountains are discernible; but even a hasty visit to each place of interest will well repay the traveller, for in the highland region many magnificent views are to be seen. The summit of Anthony's Nose, Old Crow Nest, or Bull Hill, though names

of no very ancient date nor classical sound, are well worthy of a visit.

Fishkill is a township in Dutchess county, with a population of, I believe, about 10,500. There is a village of this name one passes by when going up the Hudson at the mouth of Fishkill Creek; its population is from 800 to 1,000. There are also mountains of this name about forty miles above New York, and about twenty miles in length. There is a fine view to be had from the top of Beacon Hill, which lies just at the rear of the village. This is worthy of a visit, as it is the last of the high ridges which as it were spring up in this highland district. The village of Newburg, which has a population of over 6,000, will be visited by the historian, as it was a noted place during the Revolution. A few miles from the village, as the Americans call it, stands General Washington's old mansion when he made this place his head-quarters. The Americans show this building with pride, and tell of by-gone days when Washington headed the army which fought for American independence. The noble traits in his character are never forgotten. It was here he wrote the reply to some of his officers who wanted to make him king, and which marked how noble was the hero who fought not for himself, but for his country and his country's good. Passing on, then, the next point of interest is Poughkepsie. This

village is in Dutchess county, situated on the east bank of the Hudson, about 70 miles south of Albany and 75 north of New York. This is about half way between New York and Albany, and may be considered one of the prettiest places on the route; from every hill in the neighbourhood fine landscapes are to be seen. Poughkepsie can boast of the finest fleet of ice boats on the Hudson river. It became a Dutch settlement in the year 1705. Barrytown, or, as it is also called, Lower Reel Hook Landing, is about 95 or 100 miles up the river, and on the opposite bank is Upper Reel Hook Landing, or Tivoli. There is a small creek here, with a handsome bridge thrown across it. Catskill is a place where the sportsman would tarry for a few days, for among the Catskill mountains deer are very numerous, and there is a good hotel up the mountains for visitors' convenience; it is called the Mountain House, two miles from which are the Kaaterskill falls, the whole descent of which is 260 feet. This delightful place might indeed be decided on as one of the resting-places for a day or two by the lover of fine scenery; for the river beneath, the Catskill mountains rising up in the back-ground, and commanding from its lofty position a fine view of the country round, is a favourite retreat during the hot summer months of the New York merchants and others, who, being tired of town life, seek enjoyment

amid the pleasures of a wild and healthy life in those western highlands. The township of Catskill, situated 34 miles south of Albany, has got a population of over 5,339. It is an active, bustling place. A ferry crosses the Hudson to the opposite bank, and here the Canajoharie railroad, 26 miles in length, begins.

The mountains of the same name, or, as called by the Dutch, Kaaterskill mountains, are three ranges of the Appaluchian system. They commence in Ulster county, extend east and west through Greene and Schohurie counties, and, situated along the Hudson, they extend round to the Mohawk river. These mountains are well worthy of a visit, not only on account of the fine views to be obtained from several places in them, but, as I have before mentioned, they abound in game, and, until of late years, numbers of deer were to be found. From the town of Catskill a stage runs to the Mountain House several times a day; the distance is about ten miles, but, on account of the passing up the mountain, it takes from four hours to four hours and a-half to complete the short journey; but of a fine clear evening in the fall of the year, when (to my mind) all nature, being clothed in its autumnal tints, looks best, even a drive of four or five hours will seem anything but tedious in this charming place. The hotel, once reached, will be found to be a fine large, spacious,

though irregular building, comfortably furnished; and when I say comfortably furnished (talking of an American hotel) my readers may rest assured it is not overrated, for the Americans have a far greater idea of comfort and luxury than we have. The house is built on a rocky eminence, at (I am informed) an elevation of 2,700 feet above the level of the river Hudson.

If we contemplate the position of the hotel, standing on a platform some eighteen or twenty hundred feet high, with only a little green patch in front and then the great abyss beneath, with the river rolling on in the quiet valley, and the intervening projections of the mountain covered with the green pine that here abounds, and an immense tract of undulating country in the distance, we may, even without seeing the very place, gain a fair idea of the view that here charms the traveller's eye as he passes out on the veranda and takes a seat in the cool of the evening.

But about two miles from the Mountain House are to be found the Kaaterskill Falls. These falls are situated on a river, if I may so call it, which flows from two small mountain lakes, and are worthy of a visit; the fall of water is, perpendicular, 175 feet; they then fall on a projecting rock, and, passing over that, they fall another 85 or 90 feet. The waters then flow on down the mountain side, and pass into

the valley. The highest peak of the Catskill mountains is called Round Top, and is 3,804 feet above tide water; then, in the southern portion, Mount C proper attains an elevation of 3,486 feet.

We shall now leave these mountains, and proceed further up to Hudson. This town is the capital of Columbia county, well situated on the east bank of the Hudson river; it lies 29 miles south of Albany, and 116 miles above New York; it is a town of increasing importance, and a knowledge of the population will corroborate this statement, though for the last two or three years the shipbuilding trade has greatly diminished. In the year 1820 the population was 2,900; in 1830, 5,392; in 1840, 5,672; in 1850, 6,263. These figures give an increase in the population of 3,363 in thirty years. The town is situated about sixty feet above the level of the river; Main-street extends to Prospect Hill, which is 200 feet high. The village of Athens is on the opposite side of the river, it is close on the banks, and connected with Hudson by a ferry-boat.

The following are the remaining places passed *en route* up the Hudson to Albany:—Stockport, 120 miles from New York, near Kinderhook Creek; Strayvesant, 125 miles, supplies New York with marketable goods; Consackie, one mile south of the last-named place; New Baltimore, four miles further on, will be passed; and Greenback, 145 miles from

New York, is the northern terminus of the Hudson River Railroad; it is nearly opposite Albany, and connected with it by a ferry.

But I must now leave these places and proceed on to Albany, which we reached at five o'clock, after nine hours run up the Hudson, the scenery of which is quite indescribable. After arriving there we proceeded at once to the depot, or, as we would call it, the railway station, when we inquired about the trains proceeding to Niagara Falls. There was a train just starting when we got there, but, as we wanted to see the town and get supper, we determined not to leave until the night train; so, making for a hotel, we deposited our bags, ordered supper, and proceeded to view the town.

The town of Albany is the capital of the county of the same name in the State of New York. The county is situated on the west bank of the Hudson, and 146 miles north of New York; the population in 1845 was 77,268; the valuation of real and personal estate I have read was, in the year 1845, estimated at 15,608,161 dollars; and the whole amount of taxes levied was 177,973 dollars. The town, however, is a place of note as being the place where the State legislature is carried on; it is considered the capital of the State of New York, though the town of New York is so much finer; but it may be that on account

recent date than Albany, it has not as yet been selected as the place where the Senate sits and where the State is governed. In point of wealth, importance, population, resources, and trade, Albany is the second city in the State; the river Hudson, carrying, as I have before stated, tide-water as far as Albany, bears to and from this city its sources of wealth; and even the passenger traffic from Albany would show that it is a place of no little importance.

From New York, Albany lies at a distance of about 146 miles, from Boston it is distant 164, and Montreal 230 miles. The population of the city is 58,000; but if we look back to the year 1810, we will find the population only 9,356, and in 1840, 33,721. Like most of the places of any importance in America, we will find that of late years Albany has increased, for the United States may be considered now as only in their youth. They have certainly weakened themselves in the last few years by a fratricidal war, and are now paying the penalty too justly due for having thought overmuch of their power and resources; but I doubt not that time, with the lesson taught in the past, will make the United States what they really ought to be—a great country. Their form of government has many things to recommend it, but I think a great deal of their misfortunes are due to that form of government which

makes a President head of the legislature, and which, without giving him the full powers, is yet unable to restrain him sufficiently, being compelled to ratify orders which he thinks fit to give. How much depends upon the wisdom of the President, not even the promoters of this form of government sufficiently comprehend; for what can be worse than, as we see at present, Congress making a law, and the President passing his veto on it; the President giving an order, and Congress countermanding that order. Where unity is not present, order and quietude cannot reign. But I must return to the city of Albany. Not only does the Hudson make Albany good in situation for trade, but railroads proceed from it in all directions, and the Erie and Champlain canals greatly add to its resources. Should any of my readers visit Albany they will—after having seen any of the grand cities of the present day, such as New Paris, Edinburgh, Dublin, &c.—be much disappointed at the first sight of it, for where the river passes that part of the city is old and very irregularly built, but on going up into State-street, and up to the Capitol, a much better opinion of the place will be formed. Besides the Capitol, the City Hall, as a handsome building, is worthy of a visit; also, there are numerous churches, I believe in all about forty; some are fine buildings, though none of any great note; there are

three or four markets, and several public squares. But what makes Albany of such importance is, as I have before stated, its splendid situation as a place for trade and commerce. Vessels of 80 tons come up to Albany city by the river Hudson, and an American river steamer of 80 tons is no small vessel. Albany city can boast of manufactures, such as carriages, hats, tobacco, leather, ropes, candles, musical instruments, tin and iron ware, printing-types, oil-cloth, carpets, and several other things. The city was founded by the Dutch in the year 1623, which shows it is of no very ancient date; it was called by them Beuner Wyck, and afterwards Williamstadt. In the year 1664 it was given up to the English, who called it after James II., then Duke of York and Albany, to whom Charles II. gave the colony. It was incorporated in the year 1686 (*vide* "Gazetteer of the World.")

The old portions of the city are very irregular, and the streets very narrow, but the more recently built part is very fine, State-street being about 170 feet wide. The public buildings are very fine, handsome edifices. After walking about for some time we remarked a large bonfire at the head of State-street; so, being rather curious, we at once made for it and on inquiring found that there was to be a great Union mass-meeting that evening at the Capitol, which is a large stone edifice 115 feet long and 90

feet broad, fronting east on a fine square; it contains large rooms, handsomely furnished, for the use of the Senate and Assembly, and other public purposes. The walks up to the building were lighted up with paper lanterns of different colours, hung to the trees. On examining a bill I found posted on the gate, I learned that the speakers were to be Governor O. P. Morton, of Indianna, Governor Brough, of Ohio, and the Honourable C. C. Zanza, of Rhode Island, and a few others who were to address the meeting. After listening for some time to the various remarks of the ignoble, vulgus, and nigger melodies, Governor O. P. Morton appeared, midst the firing of cannons, and the cheering of one-half and the hissing of the other and antagonistic half. Then followed the speech, of which I shall say nothing except that I grew quite tired of it before it was half over, and retraced my steps to the hotel. On leaving the Capitol we met a torch-light procession carrying banners, on which were posted in most attractive colours the names of Abraham Lincoln as President and Andrew Johnson as Vice-President. I may here remark that this was just before the re-election of Lincoln, when General M'Clellan contested for the presidency of the United States. Turning to the left we got out of State-street, and soon found ourselves at the depot, where we saw the carriages ready for the journey; so, entering the

sleeping cars, we engaged berths. These sleeping cars are a wonderful improvement on our railway carriages; they are about forty feet long, and open at either end by doors; on either side two rows of berths are arranged, one above and one below, the same as on board ship. There is a comfortable mattress, with bolster and pillows and blankets provided; so that you can take off your coat and collar and lie down to sleep comfortably, and thus pass over a long and tiring journey as pleasantly as if you were in bed. Then to each car there is attached a dressing-room, fitted up with every convenience, and a plentiful supply of water for washing; so that you are able to get up and refresh yourself before arriving at your destination. From this then you can pass along to the other cars, and take a seat near the stove, with which all cars are provided; or, if you are a smoker, by passing on a little farther you get to the smoking cars. The train is so constructed that you can pass from one end to the other, and the guard constantly does so to see after the passengers' comfort. Then at various stopping-places fruits, chestnuts, &c., as also books and traveller's maps, are brought in for sale and inspection; so that a long journey can thus be rendered pleasant, and we have not to complain of the dull monotony and wretched cold as in this country. The train, however, for Niagara started at 10½ o'clock p.m.,

and we went to bed; passing through the fertile Mohawk valley in the dark we did not care to stay up, as we could not obtain a view of the scenery; so on we went. On awaking the next morning, I found myself three-quarters of the way to Niagara, and as I have passed through the most of this country in the dark, I must keep my readers in the dark also until we reach the Falls of Niagara, which we did at 12·30, noon, after fourteen hours ride, and having passed over a distance of 305 miles. When within two miles of the Falls, we could hear the roar as of distant thunder, and before long, as we neared the place, in the distance was pointed out a thick mist, which we were informed was the spray.

Having arrived at the Falls we left the train, and finding a conveyance we at once proceeded to Cataract House. When there, though we could not see the Falls, we could hear their deafening roar, and our first demand to the waiter was, "Show us the Falls, we have come thousands of miles to see them." So accordingly we were at once shown into a large spacious room, which turned out to be the ball-room of the hotel, and there from the bow-window we obtained the first view of the mighty Falls of Niagara; and as we gazed on the stupendous mass of water which came rushing with onward speed, carrying with it everything that opposed, and hastening for its

gigantic leap, we were impressed with a feeling of admiration and wonder quite indescribable. The Cataract House stands on the water's edge, some 300 yards above the Falls, and opposite the rapids. The sight here obtained, though we could not see the whole of the American side of the Falls, fully satisfied our expectations. The river rushing past, preparing for its mighty leap, intercepted by a few small islands which are situated a little above the Falls, had indeed a fine appearance as the expectant traveller gazed for the first time upon the world-renowned sight. After remaining there for a short time, we left the house, and proceeded through a neat plantation to the water's edge, where, being below the Falls, we could obtain a fair view of them. There, in full magnificence, was Niagara, rushing with onward speed to mix its waters with those in the quiet valley below and pass on to Ontario.

I.

Hail! Sovereign of the world of floods! whose majesty and might
First dazzles, then enraptures, then o'erawes the aching sight.
The pomp of kings and emperors, in every clime and zone,
Grows dim beneath the splendour of thy glorious watery throne.

II.

No fleets can stop thy progress—no armies bid thee stay,
But onward—onward, thy march still holds its way.
The rising mist that veils thee as thine herald goes before,
And the music that proclaims thee is the thundering cataract's roar.

III.

Thy diadem is an emerald green, of the clearest, purest hue,
Set round with waves of snow-white foam and spray of feathery dew,
While tresses of the brightest pearls float o'er thy ample sheet,
And the rainbow lays its gorgeous gems in tribute at thy feet.

IV.

Thy reign is of the ancient days—thy sceptre from on high—
Thy birth was when the morning stars together sang with joy.
The sun, the moon, and all the orbs that shine upon thee now,
Saw the first wreath of glory which twined thy infant brow.

V.

And from that hour to this in which I gaze upon thy stream—
From age to age—in winter's frost, or summer's sultry beam—
By day, by night, without a pause, thy waves, with loud acclaim,
In ceaseless sounds have still proclaimed the Great Eternal Name.

VI.

For whether on thy forest banks the Indian of the wood,
Or, since his days, the red man's foe, on his fatherland has stood,
Whoe'er has seen thine incense rise, or heard thy torrent's roar
Must have bent before the God of all, to worship and adore.

VII.

Accept, then, O Supremely Great! O Infinite! O God!
From this primeval altar—the green and virgin sod—
The humble homage that my soul in gratitude would pay
To Thee, whose shield has guarded me thro' all my wandering way.

VIII.

For if the ocean be as naught in the hollow of Thy hand,
And the stars of the bright firmament, in Thy balance, grains of sand—
If Niagara's flood seem great to us who lowly bow,
O Great Creator of the whole! how passing great art Thou!

IX.

Yet, tho' Thy power is greater here than finite mind may scan,
Still greater is Thy mercy shown to weak dependent man;
For him Thou cloth'st the fertile fields with herbs, and fruit, and seed—
For him the woods, the lakes supply his daily, hourly need.

X.

Around on high, or far or near, the universal whole
Proclaims Thy glory, as the orbs in their fix'd courses roll;
And from creation's grateful voice Thy hymn ascends above,
While heaven re-echoes back the chorus—God is Love!

J. S. BUCKINGHAM, 1838.

Before proceeding with the narrative, I would just draw the reader's attention to a description of the river and Falls of Niagara, after which an account of my visit to the Falls will be more easily understood. Therefore, though I shall have occasion to advert more than once to different objects of interest, I think it will serve to render the account clearer if first we get a fair idea of the place.

When we speak of the Falls of Niagara, we mean the great descent of water in the river Niagara, as it

flows from Lake Erie on to Lake Ontario. This remarkable work of nature is one of the grandest sights in the world. The broad river, rushing on past Goat's Island and the rapids with such velocity, indicates that there must be some great leap for the water near at hand, and the roar so clearly heard fully proves that some tremendous fall of water will soon be reached; but when we gain sight of the Falls, and see what they really are, we are struck with amazement, and I may say tacitly gaze for a few moments in contemplation of what Niagara is. Therefore I shall endeavour, as briefly as may be consistent with clearness, to describe these magnificent Falls, mentioning what has most struck my attention, and the various things one learns in connexion with them from the native guides, and the hand-books which are presented for sale everywhere near Niagara.

The great Lake Erie, stretching from Essex county to Buffalo, pours its water into a narrow channel which conducts it through Welland county and Lincoln county to the shores of Lake Ontario, where, opposite the well-known city of Toronto, or nearly so, it empties itself into the lake. This channel is the renowned river Niagara, which then having flowed through Ontario, again becomes a river, and takes the name of St. Lawrence, flowing on from the Lake of the Thousand Isles, where it

commences, to the Atlantic Ocean, where it forms the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the west of Newfoundland. This remarkable connexion between the northern lakes and rivers, forming a long chain of water inland, is well worthy of our attention.

Lake Superior, the most northern and western of these great lakes, having collected the water from the many rivers which flow into it, and the small lakes which, lying to the westward of it, are in direct communication with it, joins Lake Huron, separating the United States from Upper Canada. The waters of Huron, mingled with those of Lake Michigan, flow past Detroit, a western town of some note, and pass on into Lake Erie, which, as I have before stated, stretches from Essex county to Buffalo, where it becomes the river Niagara. And if here we pause, and for a moment consider the great tract of water that has to pass through so narrow a channel, we may gain some idea of the swiftness of the river and the magnitude of the Falls, having become acquainted with their height.

The portion of the river Niagara that is most fraught with interest to the traveller, is about three miles long; for about one mile above the Falls we are interested in visiting the rapids, Goat Island, the Iron Bridge, Luna Island, and Chapin Island. Goat Island, the principal one, is also called Iris Island. It is situated about fifty or sixty roods

above the Horse-Shoe Fall, and is most prettily wooded. A fine, well-kept road passes round the island, which is in circumference about a mile, or perhaps a little more. As we enter the island, we come upon three roads; one to the left, leading to the head of the island; one straight on, leading to the rapids; and one to the right, which leads to the Falls. Passing along the latter road we soon gain the water's edge, and there obtain one of the views of the Falls of Niagara; and on account of our intermediate position, can get a fair view of both sides of the Falls, though the Horse-Shoe can be seen best. Luna Island is but a small piece of land, just on the verge of the Falls. It lies on the right-hand side, and eastward of Goat Island. There is a bridge connecting both islands, so that the visitor can pass out and stand on the very verge of the Falls. The centre fall is beneath this island, and underneath it is the Cave of the Winds. This cave is reached by a long winding staircase—in fact, a box of stairs—from the north-west part of Goat Island. These stairs were built by a Mr. Biddle, after whom they were called The Biddle Stairs. If we want to get a correct idea of them, we must proceed below and look upwards. The Cave of the Winds is simply an excavation underneath the sheet of water; it can be easily entered, but the traveller must provide himself with waterproof garments, else the spray,

being so copious, will completely saturate him. Here he will obtain a fine view of the American fall, being beneath and to the side of it. In this cave on a sunny afternoon there can be seen a beautiful rainbow between the water and the rock, and I have been informed that this is the only place where a rainbow making an entire circle can be seen. The width of this cave is estimated at 100 feet, and the height 110 feet. There is nothing remarkable in its formation, but Æolus sits within and regulates the winds. Returning from the Cave of the Winds, we pass up the long winding staircase, and regaining Goat Island, either walk round till we reach the bridge, or turning to the left, by a much shorter way gain the bridge which connects Goat Island with the mainland. This bridge is built over the rapids, and was indeed a wonderful undertaking. The first bridge was built in the year 1817, a little above the place where the present one now stands; it, however, was swept away by the ice, when breaking up the following spring, and a gentleman who was passing over it in his carriage perished. The next year, however, the present one was built, by first forming a pier at the bank, and then projecting long timbers over it to the place where the next pier was to be sunk; and in this manner the bridge was completed. It is built mostly of iron, and called the Iron Bridge. Just at the entrance to it is a toll-

gate and a house where you enter, and after paying twenty-five cents, if you wish it, you register your name, which entitles you to the privilege of passing over the bridge as often as you wish during that year. Before leaving this the guide will point out a large paper-mill, where the paper of the New York *Weekly Tribune* is manufactured. Chapin Island, the last I have mentioned, lies a little below, and to the right of the Iron Bridge, and was so called from the fact of a man named Chapin having fallen off the bridge into the water and being carried on to it, and thus was saved from being dashed over the falls, which are only a few roods below. He was rescued from his island-home by a man named Robinson, who performed this daring feat with wonderful skill and ability.

The next object of interest to be mentioned is the small tower on the west side of Goat Island, and within two or three roods of the Falls; its height is 45 feet, and it stands 200 feet above the river. Below the Falls you can pass on to it, and, entering the tower, ascend to the top, where you can go out and obtain a fine view of the Falls. This tower is known by the names of Horse-shoe Tower, Prospect Tower, and Terraphin Tower.

Having now described the places of interest above the Falls, I would proceed to the Falls themselves; and taking, first of all, the American side—

as that was the side I first saw—I would direct the reader's attention to the measurements that are given, as they only will give any idea of what Niagara really is. The height of this part of the Falls is 164 feet; the width, as far as Goat Island, where the Horse-Shoe begins, is 900 feet; the fall of water is uninterrupted, and the sheet broad and full, presenting, indeed, a fine appearance. The Canadian side is generally known as the Horse-Shoe Fall, though part of it belongs to the United States. It is, as its name implies, horse-shoe in shape, and is the largest expanse of water; its height is 158 feet, and its width is estimated at about 140 roods. To examine this Fall, we must proceed to the Canadian side of the river. This can be done by going round either by the suspension-bridge, which is thrown over the river about two miles below the Falls, or by going over in the ferry-boat, which crosses just below the Falls.

I shall pass over the description of these ways, as I shall have occasion to refer to them in recounting my exploration of the Falls of Niagara.

We are told by Professor Lyell that 1,500,000,000 cubic feet flow over the Falls each minute; Dr. Dwight says 100,200,000 tons every hour; and De Veaux says 5,084,089,853 barrels descend in the twenty-four hours. Other calculations have been made, but these will suffice to show how great the flow of water

which, never ending, passes over the renowned Falls of Niagara. The depth of the water in the centre is supposed to be about twenty or twenty-five feet; and an experiment which was made favours this opinion, for a ship named the *Detroit*, being of no further use, was loaded and sent over the Falls. It did not ground, but passed over, and was, of course, dashed to pieces in the water beneath. Several interesting narratives are told us by the guides of persons who, incautiously venturing into dangerous places, fell into the river, and were carried over the Falls, never more to be seen. Also the guide-books are made interesting by these occurrences which have taken place from time to time. I cannot do better than recommend to any persons going to see the Falls, that they should procure a little work entitled, "Guide to Niagara Falls and its Scenery, by F. H. Johnson," and published by George W. Childs of Philadelphia. This little book I bought for thirty cents at the Suspension Bridge, and to it I am indebted for the measurements I have given. As to the best time for viewing the Falls, the guides tell us we must be up at sunrise, when we shall behold Niagara in the grey dawn of morning, with a golden sun rising behind in the eastward. At night, when the moonbeams play upon the waters, and the stars twinkle in the heavens, and all is still and calm, a view of the Falls will impress us with admiration of

them. But in the balmy coolness of eventide, when the fiery sun sinks below the western horizon, when the birds retire to rest, and nature, being weary, is about to be enwrapt in dark night, then will a view of the great Falls, beclouded with the mist, and causing its voice to be heard for miles round, strike the breast with wonder; and the heart, with its deepest impressions, will be unable to give to the mind words adequate to describe the grandeur of the scene. Should we be fortunate enough to arrive at Niagara in the fall of the year, when the leaves change their colour and become so prettily tinted, we will see the Falls (if I may so speak) in their prime, for nature around lends to the charm, and with a generous hand strews her blessings on this favoured spot; and before encircling it in icy winter, gives us the short but delightful Indian summer in memory of the past and as a foretaste of the coming spring, when vegetation will again take on growth, and clothe Niagara's environs in verdant green.

The river Niagara is thirty-six miles long. The heavy rains which swell most rivers have no effect on it, and the strong winds which blow over Lake Erie alone cause any rise in the river. The fall, however, is great, as in the thirty-six miles to Ontario it falls 339 feet. The estimate given in the guide-book I referred to is, "From Lake Erie to the head of Goat Island (22 miles), 25 feet; from

the head of Goat Island to the main Fall half-a-mile), 50 feet; perpendicular height of the American Fall, 164 feet; on the Canadian side, 158 feet; from the Falls to the Whirlpool (2¼ miles) 64 feet; from the Whirlpool to Lake Ontario (11 miles) 25 feet—total in 36 miles, between the two lakes, 339 feet."

Having now thus described the river and Falls of Niagara, it is not out of place just to mention the derivation of the word. It is supposed to be the Indian word, "Ouyakarra" in the Iroquois language, which means "great wonderful water," turned into English, and making the word Niagara.

The town of Niagara—same name as the river—is built on the American side, a little above the Falls. It has a principal street, which runs east and west, and is called Falls-street. On the right is the turning up to the railway depot, and straight on leads to the Suspension Bridge. There are several fine hotels, conducted in first-class style. The Cataract House I was advised to put up at, and I found it most comfortable, and the charges very moderate. It is built on the right hand side as you go down from the depot, at the end of the town, near the cataract, and the back windows look out upon the river. The next hotel of importance is the "International." It is situated further down, and, together with the Cataract House, may be ranked

among the first-class hotels of the United States. On the Canadian side, Clifton House is considered the best place to stop at. It is a large, handsome-looking building, with its grounds nicely kept, situated opposite the Falls on the top of the hill as you pass up from the ferry. I believe the charges are very much the same as in the American hotels opposite; but to the English traveller, anxious to see something novel, the American side and the hotels there would be more amusing, as many eccentric Yankees are sure to be seen there at the various *table d'hôtes*.

The next point of interest is the Whirlpool, which is about three miles below the Falls. The entire beauty of this spot is the surrounding scenery. At the Suspension Bridge the river passes through a narrow defile, where the banks are a great height, I believe about 290 feet high, and almost down to the water's edge it is nicely wooded. The river, about one mile below the Suspension Bridge, turns abruptly to the right, and the water dashing against the bank of the river makes the Whirlpool. A small steamer built below the Falls, and launched on the river, used to ply from the ferry up to the Falls, right into the mist—hence her name, *The Maid of the Mist*. This boat, however, did not answer, and it was removed in the year 1861, and brought down safely past the Whirlpool; and as this is considered

a wonderful feat, I cannot do better than give you the description as told in the guide-book which I have named as giving the most of the information about the Falls which I possess: "She left her moorings about a quarter of a mile above the Suspension Bridge June 15th, 1861, and swung boldly out into the river to try one of the most perilous voyages ever made. She shot forward like an arrow of light, bowed gracefully to the multitude on the bridge, and with the velocity of lightning passed on to meet her doom. Many beheld this hazardous adventure, expecting every instant she would be dashed to pieces and disappear for ever. Amazement thrilled every heart, and it appeared as if no power short of Omnipotence could save her. 'There, there!' was the suppressed exclamation that escaped the lips of all. 'She careens over! she is lost—she is lost!' But guided by an eye that dimmed not, and a hand that never trembled, she was piloted through those maddened waters by the intrepid Robinson in perfect safety, and passed on to the St. Lawrence." The man Robinson here alluded to was the same that rescued Chapin from Chapin Island, which circumstance I have already referred to.

Having now thus endeavoured to give the reader a clear idea of the river and Falls of Niagara, I shall say a few words about the Suspension Bridge. This bridge, which is thrown across the river about two

miles below the Falls and one above the Whirlpool, is 800 feet long, and is 230 feet above the river as it rushes through a narrow pass. It belongs to a joint-stock company, and cost 500,000 dollars. The architect, I believe, was Mr. J. A. Koebling. It is a railway bridge overhead, and underneath a carriage and foot-passengers' route. The following are the dimensions, as given by Johnstone:

Length of span from centre to centre of towers	822	feet
Height of tower above rock on American side	88	„
Height of ditto on Canadian side ..	78	„
„ floor of railway	60	„
„ track above water	258	„
Number of wire cables	4	
Diameter of each cable	10¼	inches
Number of No. 9 wires in each cable ..	3,659	
Ultimate aggregate strength of cables ..	12,400	tons
Height of superstructure	800	feet
Maximum loads	1,250	tons
Maximum weight of cable, and what stays will support	7,309	tons

There is a small charge for passing over the bridge, collected by one of the company's servants at the gate.

Trusting that the description I have just furnished will serve to render the account I am about to give of my visit to the Falls clearer, I shall proceed with my narrative.

Having stood looking at the Falls in silent admiration for some time, I was accosted by a gentleman with a lady leaning on his arm, who, seeing my enthusiastic admiration, said, "What a grand sight, sir!" to which I replied, "Yes indeed, quite enchanting." "Oh," he said, "I have come such a distance to see it—all the way from Boston." "Well," I said, "sir, I have come further than that to see it." "Pray from where, sir?" said he. "From Liverpool, in England," I replied; at which he looked at me as if he thought I was even a greater wonder than the Falls, and said, "A good way that, I guess." So I put him down to be a Yankee, and the hour for dinner having arrived I retraced my steps to the hotel; as having had no breakfast, much as I admired the Falls, I thought it better to recruit my strength before setting out on a further expedition. However, before long we were ready for another view, and having engaged a guide we started to explore all points of interest on the American side and Goat's Island. On turning down to the right as we departed from Cataract House we crossed the bridge leading to Goat's Island, where we paid twenty-five cents each and registered our names, which gave us the very desirable privilege of passing that way free for the remainder of the year. This bridge is built right across the rapids above the Falls; it is made by posts driven into the bed of the river, and was a most

dangerous undertaking. Before this bridge was built there was another in the same place, but it was swept away by the violence of the waters, and I believe a gentleman who was driving over it at the time perished, the great rapidity of the river rendering it impossible to save him. On gaining Goat's Island we turned to the right, and passed on to the edge of the water just above the Falls. From thence we passed down a long winding staircase to the Cave of the Winds, at the mouth of which we stopped, as not having on water-proof clothes we did not care to enter, the spray being very copious. Here we had another fine view of the Horse-Shoe Falls, and on looking up we could see the waters of the American side as they dashed over and fell beneath at our feet. This mighty sheet of water has a descent of 158 feet. From this then we returned, and passing up the winding staircase we had shortly before came down, soon gained the top. However, before leaving the box of steps, as I may call it, for it was nothing else, I took out my knife, and cut my name on the wooden wall among many others that from time to time had been cut there. From that, under the direction of our swarthy guide, we went to the top of the small tower that is built on the very verge of the Falls, as if to defy them and prove man's supremacy over the inanimate creation. Our guide would not permit us to go out on the top until he inquired

if we were ever made dizzy from a height; but as we were both sailors, and had many a time been up to the mast-head, we laughed at the idea and went out, where we obtained one of the best views of the Falls, being above and over them. Leaving then this place we passed on the narrow path that led to the tower from Goat's Island, and passing around the island we again found ourselves at the bridge; and as the night was fast approaching, and my friend, Mr. Woods, had determined to pursue his journey that evening, we returned to the hotel and dismissed our guide, telling him to be ready the next morning to point out the places of interest on the Canadian side of Niagara. We then entered the hotel, and after supper I accompanied my friend to the depot and bade him adieu for the last time; and retraced my steps to the village while he proceeded to Detroit. Being rather tired after the long ride the night before, I sought repose at an early hour, determining to be up at 5 o'clock in the morning and view the Falls by sunrise. However, morning came, and as I woke I could hear the heavy and incessant rain pouring down the windows; so I waited a few minutes, thinking it might only be a shower, but as I found it continued I turned over quite disgusted and went to sleep. Eight o'clock came and still the rain was unceasing, and on looking out—oh, what a different sight! *There* was indeed *Niagara*—there

were the Falls, but how robbed of the picturesque beauty that rendered them so enchanting the evening before! The rain had fallen so heavily that all the roads and paths were pools, and the whole thing looked so dreary and desolate and so uninviting, that had not the breakfast-bell at that moment rung I might have attempted hybernating until the fine weather came. However, about 10 o'clock it cleared up a little, and having secured myself as best I could against the elements, I set out for the Suspension Bridge, which crosses the river about two miles below the Falls. Though the day was wet, still as I passed along by the banks of the river and came in sight of the Suspension Bridge, the view was very fine; for the bridge is swung across the river where it passes through a deep ravine, and the height is very great. On arriving at the bridge I looked all round for some safe mode of transit, but could find none, as it was composed of wooden sleepers with a railroad line laid on them, and there was about two feet between each sleeper. However, I thought I should not like to have been to the Suspension Bridge and not gone over it; so I made an attempt, but before getting far I heard a voice behind me calling out to come back, as I would kill myself. So, glad to see some one to give me information, I went back, and was shown the right way down to the portion of the bridge that was used for driving and

walking, the top portion being merely for the train to pass over on. After paying twenty-five cents to the owners of the bridge, I was permitted to pass on to the Canadian side, which when I reached I inquired the most direct route to the Falls. And being on British soil again seemed so extraordinary, as I had been in the States a few minutes before. So passing on by a good road which ran along the banks of the river, I soon gained sight of the Falls, but this time from the Canadian side, which gave me a finer view of the American Falls, as I was right opposite them, and the rain having abated a little rendered it pleasanter. Then, passing down a long winding staircase, the same as I described on the American side leading down to the Cave of the Winds, I found myself at the foot of the Horse-Shoe Falls; and passing along under the sheet of water for a short distance, I was again repaid for my trouble as I gazed on the mighty expanse of water, which fell some 158 feet into the valley beneath. Tearing myself away from this spot, I passed on to the left until I came to the table-rock, which is situated about 300 yards below the Falls on the Canadian side.

Viewing the western wonder from this place, whatever may have been the feelings, whether of admiration or awe, that first seizes the traveller's breast, here he pauses, and amid the deafening roar

and the copious spray that issues from Niagara he is forced to exclaim with the Psalmist of old, "Who can utter the mighty acts of the Lord." Again, as one gazed on the broad river rushing on at a furious rate, the question arises to the mind, "Where does all this come from, and will it not soon be dried up?" But here geographical knowledge comes to our aid, and answers, "Yes, when Lake Erie shall be dried up, and its many tributaries stopped from pouring their water into it, then will Niagara cease to exist—then, and not till then, will the eagle build her nest where once the mighty river took its gigantic leap." However, now with reluctancy I put my back to Niagara, and passing up a long flight of steps, I soon gained the top, and stood on the bank of the river, though the water was about 200 feet below. Passing on then for a distance of about 400 yards, I turned to the right, and finding a narrow pathway that led to the water's edge, I proceeded to the ferry. When arrived there I could see no one, but on looking round I discovered a small wooden hut, into which I entered, and found the Canadian ferry-man with his family. So I informed him I wanted to cross the river in his boat, and he at once got ready. On his demanding the fare of twenty-five cents, I handed him a greenback dollar, but he would not take it, which seemed so extraordinary—the very currency of the opposite

side of the river. However, fortunately, I had an English half-sovereign, which he changed for me, and so I got over to the American side with my greenbacks. When about half-way across, he stopped and pointed out the Falls, this being below and beneath them, contrasted with the view seen from the tower, which was above and over them. Here the tourist gazes, but words are inadequate to express the whole grandeur and magnificence of this splendid sight; therefore I shall say nothing further on the subject, but pass on to the American side, which we soon reached. Bidding my ferry-man adieu, I ascended a short way up the bank, and then found an enclosed tramway with two small empty cars; and on pulling a string, which rang a bell at the top, I was quickly drawn up. This is a curious mode of transit down to the ferry which is not on the Canadian side, and it is worked by atmospheric pressure. On arriving at the top, I found myself indebted in the form of five cents—not to Æolus, as one might imagine, but to a tall American with a wide-awake countenance and hat.

Being at the top and once more near the Cataract House, I bade adieu to Niagara reluctantly; and, ever fond of change, determined to find something interesting in the rapids of the St. Lawrence. So accordingly I made for the ticket office, and purchased a ticket to Montreal *via* Charlotte, Ontario,

and river St. Lawrence. Returning to the hotel, I made arrangements for starting; and after supper, which was an early one, I left the mighty Falls and proceeded by train to Charlotte, which is situated on the shores of Lake Ontario, and is the place of starting for the United States steamers to Montreal.

Arriving there about 9 o'clock, it being dark, I went on board the steamer *Ontario*, which was to convey us down the lake the following morning, and retiring to my state-room, soon was enwrapped in sleep. On awaking the next morning, when the gray dawn was giving place to the nocturnal darkness, and the first rays of the fiery sun were peeping in through the window of my state-cabin, I could hear the familiar sound of the engine at work, which in my semi-wakeful state made me for a moment imagine myself in my old berth on the briny ocean. However, I soon found out that this time I was afloat on the great Lake Ontario; and, looking out of the window, nothing but water was visible. We had left Charlotte, and were steaming ahead for Oswego, our first stopping-place.

On getting up and leaving my sleeping-cabin, I found myself in one of those beautiful saloons, so characteristic of the American lake and river steamers, which I have before referred to when describing my sail up the river Hudson. In the fore part of the steamer breakfast was laid out, and it was not

long before I availed myself of the invitation of a small hand-bell, whose metallic voice sounded throughout the ship, announcing that the morning repast was ready. And a good meal it was; there were two or three kinds of fish, nicely cooked mutton-chops, beefsteaks, fried potatoes, tea, black and green, and numerous other things which it would be superfluous to mention. After breakfasting, I went out on deck, and before long saw the land—but not this time from the mast-head, straining every nerve to catch the first glimpse, but calmly from the deck of the *Ontario*.

We soon put into Oswego, which is a small town on the mouth of the river Oswego. There is nothing remarkable about this place, nor can it boast much of its scenery in the immediate neighbourhood of the town. The post-office and public offices are good buildings, and it can boast of a liberal press that produces the *Oswego Palladium*, which I purchased for, I believe, five cents, and posted it home to test the geographical knowledge of some of my friends, who, not knowing where I was, would be at a loss to know where or in what longitude the worthy Oswego was. An hour and a-half brought our stay at Oswego to an end, and the cargo for this place having been unshipped, the captain gave the orders, and soon the big beam was seen to move up and down, the paddles went round, and off we started

for the next place where we had goods for. We called at several places on either side of the lake, but as our stay at each was short, I was unable to obtain any information except the names of the places; nor indeed can I say much for the scenery one witnesses on Lake Ontario, until that lake becomes narrower, and where amid the thousand isles one is lost in admiration, as, verging from the lake into the St. Lawrence, turning round a point which until gained hides the tableau, the whole picture opens to our view suddenly, and I may say in my case quite unexpectedly, and to the lover of scenery forms food for the mind even in years after, when memory brings it back to the past.

It was evening when we arrived at Ogdensburg, on the river St. Lawrence. Here we expected the steamboat *Lord Elgin* would be in waiting to convey us on to Montreal; but as evening darkened into night, and no news of the *Lord Elgin's* arrival was reported, we again sought the comfortable rest we had found the night before, or at least a repetition of it, in those delightful state-rooms. The next day was Sunday, and a lovely day it was. The church bells tolled forth the invitation they were wont to record, and life and animation filled the small town of Ogdensburg. Those of us who had taken tickets through to Montreal were kept prisoners throughout the day; for, expecting the boat to

ake us on to Montreal every minute, we did not wish to be absent, and so lose our passage; but those who had only booked to Ogdensburg said good-bye, and proceeded by the cars to their destination. However, about 3 p.m., seeing there was no sign of the arrival of our steamer, I strolled to see the town. It was certainly novel in appearance, inasmuch as all the houses were built of wood, and a grand appearance too it had; for before coming close, I was struck by the many fine and, though handsome, rather curiously-built houses, which everywhere met the eye; and why all the bricks were painted either green or white not a little puzzled me. But before long I found out the whole town was built of wood, and being the first one I had ever seen, it greatly interested me. On returning to the steamer *Ontario*, though I did not find the *Lord Elgin* waiting, I was delighted to find supper waiting; and as far as I was concerned it had not long to wait, for change of air and scenery has a wonderful effect in producing the appetite. Just as we were about retiring to rest, the arrival of the *Lord Elgin* was announced, and we hastened on board. I at once applied for a state-room, and was informed that the boat was full of passengers, and that for the present no state-rooms could be allotted. However, I had not been for the last fortnight in Yankee-land to no purpose; so I wisely said nothing,

but taking up my travelling-bag, I at once proceeded to the state-rooms, and finding, after some trouble, one unlocked, I entered it, and removing the key from the outside to the inside, locked the door, turned into bed, and would hear nothing until the breakfast-bell the following morning. When I came out of my room into the saloon I found some of my fellow-travellers looking very tired and sleepy. On inquiring the cause, I was told by some that they had not been able to get to bed throughout the night; so, having had the best of it, I could indulge in a laugh at them. Breakfast over, as usual I went out on deck, but soon I became aware that the Indian summer which we had been enjoying for the last fortnight was fast declining, and already a foretaste of the Canadian winter was given us in the sharp cold wind, and the long icicles that hung from the paddle-boxes. However, we had a capital stove in the saloon, which kept it comfortably warm, and I was very glad every now and then to run in and warm myself before going out again.

The run down the St. Lawrence was enchanting. The broad river, with its rapids, contrasted greatly with our run across the Atlantic; and, indeed, on account of the delightful construction of the steamboat, which was exactly like a floating house, we were travelling in a very luxurious way. When we were tired of walking up and down the deck, we went

in to the grand saloon; at stated hours we partook of meals. When darkness prevented our seeing the views of interest by the river's sides, then we played at cards, or amused ourselves in other ways until the hour of rest caused us to retire to our state-rooms. These rooms are taken off the sides of the saloon all along; they are generally each about eight feet long by six feet wide, and twelve feet high. There are two capital berths placed in the same way as in the cabin of a ship; then there is a fine large window, which is a great improvement on the port-holes of an ocean ship. The rooms are nicely fitted up with every convenience, and the ornamental work in some of these river steamers is quite surprising; in fact, these state-rooms, as they are called, are just as nice as any bed-room one could desire in a house on land. Some of these steam-boats are quite the wonder of the age; and indeed I do not suppose any country can boast of as fine a fleet of river boats as those found on the northern and western lakes and rivers. The *St. John* is the largest of them I have seen. It plies between New York and Albany; it is a floating palace. The grand or upper saloon is used as a sitting-room. The furniture and fittings are something splendid; handsome mirrors everywhere meet the eye, and on each side are the state-rooms I have just described. The whole is lit up by gas, and the chandeliers need only

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to be seen to be admired. Below stairs is the dining saloon. This is fitted up no less magnificently than the drawing-room; and at all times refreshments can be procured at a moderate charge. I shall have occasion to advert to this boat at a future period, so I shall return to the scenery of the St. Lawrence.

Ontario, as it narrows to finally become the river St. Lawrence, is very pretty, the numerous islands, prettily wooded, reflecting their image on the still water of the lake. The sides all along, though not very striking, are interesting; but the traveller, on inquiring for the scenery, is told to wait until fairly in the St. Lawrence, when he will be fully repaid for the trouble of crossing Lake Ontario.

I remember reading a description of the scenery of the St. Lawrence in a work on America, in which the author thus describes the landscapes on the banks: "On the St. Lawrence the foreground is clear, smooth, green water; the background a line of dark green firs, with a log hut, or a big warehouse, or a cornfield, or a white town, or a cloud of dense smoke, a tin roof, or some such incident, to relieve the dead flatness of the lines. A rapid is approached, and the banks begin to heave and roll like the water. The vessel seems to acquire a new life, and speeds on like a bird, while the magnificent river rolls and tumbles like the race of Alderney on

the flood, in the bay of Fundy, as wild and as wide. The rapid ended, the first picture rolls on again like a revolving circle of green water and fir trees, passing continually but never ending. The marked features in every picture are vastness, clearness, and uniformity. There seems no limit to the country—no point from which to begin or end—the new incident is the passing raft."

From such a graphic description of really magnificent scenery, I feel sure my readers will begin to think it hardly worth their while to continue with me down the St. Lawrence to the city of Montreal; but I would remind them that, though in the landscapes there are water, trees, cornfields, towns, huts, and blue smoke, still nature has so arranged her part as to form a picture well worth looking at. What makes Loch Kathrine the resort and admiration of the tourist to Scotland? For what are the Lakes of Killarney, in the south of Ireland, so justly esteemed? If we answer—their scenery, we will then find that scenery is made up of those things which most please the eye—the trees, the water, and the stray houses, combined with other objects.

The river St. Lawrence, being the termination of the chain of water which connects the western lakes with the rivers and the Atlantic Ocean, is formed by the narrowing of Lake Ontario. This great lake, after receiving the waters of the several lakes and

rivers in the north-western states, rather suddenly narrows, and at the Thousand Isles becomes the great river St. Lawrence, which, flowing on past Montreal, Quebec, and other Canadian cities of note, empties itself into the ocean. This river is exceedingly rapid, and in certain places the descent of water is almost, or at least apparently so, perpendicular, thus forming the celebrated rapids of the St. Lawrence, the principal of which I shall have occasion to refer to. If we look upon the whole chain of water as one great river, in some places widening and in others narrowing, the whole length may be estimated at 2,200 miles; but if we merely consider that part which is called the river St. Lawrence, as separate from the rest of the chain of water, its entire length from Ontario to the Gulf of St. Lawrence may be estimated at about 750 miles. This river is not navigable for vessels of 600 tons beyond Montreal, but up to this city much larger ships can come. The splendid steamers of the Montreal Ocean Steamship Company, which run from Liverpool in the summer up to Montreal, and in the winter to Portland in the state of Maine, are vessels of large tonnage, and come right up to the wharf.

The river St. Lawrence derives its name from the saint of that name, as it was on that particular saint's day that Jacques Cartier, a Frenchman, discovered it. He sailed up the river, and not wishing to call it

after his own name, he gave the name of the patron saint of the day. The sudden change from the wide Lake Ontario to the much narrower river St. Lawrence, together with the numerous prettily-wooded islands, and the flatness of the country along the banks, combine to render this spot charming; and, indeed, passing through these Thousand Isles of a bright night, when the quiet moon is beaming, and the still water is reflecting those beams, and the islands are also reflected in the calm though crystal water, which is only disturbed by the flap of the water-fowl, which are present in abundance, or the muffled oar of the crafty Indian propelling his canoe, perhaps in pursuit of game, or it might be on deadly war intent—though, indeed, those times are past when this quiet and beautiful spot resounded with the savage whoop or war-cry of the Indian, who now is driven back further west to give place to the more civilized and more powerful sons of the western world, who may some day, and perhaps not far distant, cause these islands to resound, not with the savage war-cry, but the more modern din and clash of arms, now and then deadened by the loud roar of artillery. The northern lakes have long since been made acquainted, so to speak, with modern warfare, and the mountain sides have echoed back the roar of canons; but I shall have occasion to speak of this when we come to Lake Champlain, upon whose

waters many battles have been fought during the war of independence.

Leaving, then, the Lake of the Thousand Isles, we steamed down the St. Lawrence. The wildness and magnificence of the scenery all around quite enraptured me; and Cooper's novels being fresh on my memory, and numbers of other Indian tales I read even years before came back to my mind, and I could almost imagine myself present while those thrilling scenes, either of love or war, were being enacted; and when I was interrupted in my thoughts by the appearance of a canoe paddled across the river by two Indians, who had with them two squaws and a couple of papooses, I almost felt myself present in an Indian encampment described by Captain Mayne Reid or some others who have written those popular Indian tales; and then the blue smoke curling from the tops of the trees heightened the romance, and increased the reverie into which I had fallen. Truth, we were indeed passing down the broad river, and in the copse could distinctly be seen the wooden huts of the Indians, and the people in their canoes were present—but not the bow-and-arrow with its poisoned barb, nor the chieftain and warrior in their hideous war-paint, with the tomahawk slung by their sides. Instead of this, the friendly Indian quickly paddled his canoe to the wooden wharf up to which we were making, and, jumping

ashore, caught the rope thrown from our bows, which he passed round a pillar to check the boat as she came up, and keep her for a short while steady while we embarked and disembarked passengers.

Leaving the Indian encampment, we passed on towards the rapids; and great indeed was my excitement, as we neared them, to experience the descent of the rapids, to which Thomas Moore refers when he composed the "Canadian Boat Song," which has so often, with its plaintive music, sounded over the water of the St. Lawrence, and been lost in the noise of the rapids.

CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time;
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest on our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the streams runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Utawa's tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle! hear our pray'rs;
Oh! grant us cool heavens and favouring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

The principal of the rapids of the St. Lawrence is the Long Sault rapids, which are to be found about 140 miles to the south-west of the city of Montreal. The river here rushes along at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and on entering the rapid the steam is shut off, and the vessel is carried on by the force of the water, she having no other propelling power. The strong boat quivers, and you feel as if there was a great earthquake, the shock of which was to be felt for several minutes. The feeling one experiences while shooting the rapids, as it used to be called when Indians shot over in their canoes or the sturdy backwood's-man descended on his raft, is very different to what one feels when, on the briny ocean, a squall strikes the ship aback, and she rolls over from one side to the other, and tosses in the angry water. The water in the rapids has, indeed, very much the appearance of the troubled ocean; but the boat does not roll over, but strains and labours; the planks creak, and the vessel, struck on either sides by the troubled waters, imparts to its occupants a highly novel feeling, unlike anything else ever felt before. The danger, together with the tremendous roar of the rapids, serves to heighten the feeling of excitement which pervades the minds of all on board, and scarce a word is spoken as all, apparently struck dumb with amazement, gaze at those wondrous works of

nature. The small tower that I referred to as being placed on the very verge of the Falls of Niagara, which serves to prove man's supremacy over the inanimate creation by defying the power of the rapids and current of mighty Niagara, is, indeed, but second, as an instance, to those powerful and strong steamers which dash headlong through the rapids without experiencing the slightest injury. The great danger in this down-hill sailing is the pilot not keeping the vessel's head straight with the course of the current, for if she is permitted to run off she will most likely be swamped at once; therefore, particular attention is paid to the steering-gear, and to placing an experienced hand at the wheel. In these river boats the wheel is amidships, and the rudder connected by chains which run along the deck at either side; but when the boat approaches the rapids, a tiller is shipped astern to the rudder, and from four to eight men are required to man the tiller, and five or six to man the wheel, in order that perfect safety may be ensured.

The Long Sault rapids are nine miles in length. There are two channels caused by an island which, being placed in the centre, divides them. The two channels are called the American Channel and the Lost Channel. Up to the time that Captain Maxwell of the *Geldersleeve* steamer first discovered that the Lost Channel was the best of the two, it was be-

lieved that any boat passing through it, as the name infers, would be lost; and now it is considered safer and more easily descended than the American Channel. Having read, in a small guide-book published by Nelson & Sons of London and New York, a description of these two channels, I cannot do better than quote the description there given: "The passage on the southern channel is very narrow, and such is the velocity of the current that a raft, it is said, will drift the nine miles in forty minutes. Another writer tells us that, although these rapids are seldom ascended in less than a day, boats have been known to descend through their whole length in fifteen minutes. When a steamer enters within their influence the steam is shut off, and she is carried onwards by the force of the stream alone. Great nerve, strength, and skill are necessary to pilot the vessel, and several men are required at the wheel. It is a most exciting part of the voyage."

From this short description, my readers may be able to form some idea of the danger and the difficulty that is encountered while shooting the rapids; and, indeed, the sensation and feeling of excitement experienced while passing down cannot be perfectly described. To fully understand the feeling, one must experience it for themselves.

There is something very captivating in the wild scenery of the backwoods; and the river St. Law-

rence cannot be passed over, with its wild and romantic scenery, its calm blue water interspersed with pretty islands, and its headlong rapids, without those feelings of emotion that warm the traveller's breast when, far away from any civilized town, or even white man's encampment, he wanders through those majestic forests of North America, or sails on the quiet bosom of one of those favoured lakes. And can we wonder at the Indian's feeling of aversion to settle down in the cultivated homesteads of the white-man, when he thinks of the happy hunting-grounds of his forefathers on the plains or amidst the primeval forest, where, centuries ago, the foot of civilisation never trod, and cultivation was unknown? Commerce the Indian could not understand; the amassing of gold he knew nothing of. Can it then be wondered at his reply to the intruding white-man, so tastefully set forth in those few verses composed by Lover which I here quote:

"Tempt me not, stranger, with gold from the mine,
I have got treasure more precious than thine—
Freedom in forest, and health in the chase,
Where the hunter sees beauty in Nature's bright face;
Then give me my arrows, and give me my bow,
In the wild woods to rove where the blue rapids flow.

"If gold had been good, the Great Spirit had given
That gift like His others, as freely from heav'n.
The lake gives me white-fish; the deer gives me meat;
And the toil of the capture gives slumber so sweet;
Then give me my arrows, and give me my bow,
In the wild woods to rove where the blue rapids flow.

" Why seek you death in the dark cave to find,
While there's life on the hill in the health-breathing wind,
And death parts you soon from your treasures so bright,
As the gold of the sunset is lost in the night ;
Then give me my arrows, and give me my bow,
In the wild woods to rove, where the blue rapids flow.

The La Chene rapids are situated nine miles from Montreal, and a little below the village of the same name. These are not so extensive as the Long Sault rapids, but the current is exceedingly swift, and the passage very perilous on account of the rocks and small islands that are scattered through the rapids. An Indian used to pilot all the steamers through, and I believe got them down in perfect safety always. However, on account of the danger attending the passage through them, a canal has been cut; and many steamers avoid the La Chene rapids by entering this canal just above them, and thus proceeding to Montreal. It was through this canal I passed.

As it was growing late in the evening, it was thought better by the captain of the steamer I was travelling in not to descend the rapids, but enter the canal; at which I was greatly disappointed, being anxious again to experience the sensation of shooting the rapids. These rapids, as I have just stated, are only nine miles from Montreal, and are well worthy of a visit. The seas, so to speak, run

very high, and the water dashes furiously in its downward course, so that it requires the greatest care and attention, together with a knowledge of the navigation of the place, to pilot a steamer through these rapids, which I believe are considered the most difficult to descend, other rapids being larger but not so dangerous. Having now passed down the river, left the Thousand Isles, the Long Sault rapids, and the La Chene rapids in the rere, we shall pass on to the city of Montreal. It was just dusk, and the gathering shadows of evening were fast falling round, when we entered the canal, and having got through the lock steamed ahead along the canal. But soon night came on, and with it darkness and severe cold, the combined influence of which persuaded me to leave the deck, where I had been watching the sun in its gorgeous hue going down beneath a golden cloud in the west. Entering the saloon, I found a capital fire in the stove, which proved most acceptable, as the weather had grown very cold, and the Canadian winter was fast approaching. After having enjoyed a good bask in firelight, I went to my state cabin, and soon sought repose.

On awaking the next morning I found we were stationary, and on coming out of my state-room I discovered that we had completed our voyage, and were lying along the wharf; so, taking my small

travelling-bag in my hand, I left the steamer and proceeded to the hotel, where I found numbers of Canadians, a few English, and two or three Americans, all busy at breakfast in the spacious coffee-room; and, following their example, I managed to make myself comfortable. After breakfast, I proceeded to view the city, being anxious to see it, having heard its beauty greatly talked of.

Let us now pause for a few moments, that we may consider the geographical position of this Canadian city.

Built on the St. Lawrence in Upper Canada, on the south side of the island of Montreal, in N. lat. 45° 30′, W. long. 73° 25′, and a hundred and forty-two miles south-west of Quebec, the city of Montreal stands. The buildings are on the whole very fine, and some few places are magnificent; indeed, Montreal struck me as being one of the cleanest and nicest cities I had ever visited. It is built on a rising ground, on an ascending plain from the river, and having a mountain to its back. Most of the town near the river is commercial, and on account of the number of ship's stores, coal-yards, and timber-yards, is quite uninteresting; but as one passes up the town toward the mountain, beautiful private residences are to be met with, and very fine rows of houses in streets or else in terraces. Then passing further on and ascending the mountain, the outskirts

of the city are met with, and numerous gentlemen's seats, extending half-way up the mountain, can be seen. Some of these houses are splendid buildings, and present a very fine appearance with their nicely laid out grounds and neatly embellished gardens. On ascending further up the mountain and turning to the right, we come upon the water reservoir that supplies Montreal with fresh water. This is an immense tank placed a little better than half-way up, from which pipes pass along down the mountain and all through the city, conveying water to the houses. Here I found an old pensioner, who had charge of the place, and telling him that I had come from Europe to visit the western world, and see all the places of note worthy of a visit, he very kindly opened the gate, and permitted me to go all round, and examine every point of interest connected with it. From this place I got a splendid view of the city of Montreal, being so much above it. It lay in the valley at the foot of the mountain; and the river St. Lawrence, flowing on just beyond the town, served to render the place more attractive. Several of the houses being roofed with fluted sheet-iron or tin, gave, when the sun shone on them, a very nice appearance, though it was rather dazzling to the sight in the warm weather; but in autumn and winter, the sun not being powerful enough to cause this objection, the effect is very fine. Many

of the houses are built of a greyish stone, that when nicely curved forms a fine front. Of course, in the old part of the town, which is inhabited by French people principally, the streets are short and narrow, and the houses not at all attractive. Montreal may, however, be considered as divided into two parts—that on the side of the mountain called the upper, and that part in the valley the lower town. In the lower town there is a nice open square, if I may so call it, though being an inappropriate term on account of its being much longer than wide. This is the "Place-d'-Armes," and is used for parading troops. I saw the military of Montreal on parade there one morning, and was amazed at the few men and officers that were present; and on inquiring I found those few were all the town could boast of—and this at a time when the American war was at its height, and the raids on Canada were becoming more frequent. Indeed, it must be apparent to any person travelling through Canada how few and useless are her defences, and how weak in power as a country she is. Thousands of miles away, far across the broad Atlantic, separated from her fostering parent, whose vast dominions will not permit her keeping up a standing army in the country, Canada would fall a ready victim to American avarice.

As I have before stated, a fleet of powerful steamboats navigate the waters of the northern and western

lakes and rivers, and it would be impossible to stop an American navy from proceeding up those watery roads into Canada, and to the very walls of Montreal; or—a quicker mode, as has been done during the war of '64—man the river and lake steamboats with either sailors or soldiers, and steam right into Canada. There is one thing certain to my mind, from what I have seen of the strength of Canada and its modes of defence, that she is not able at present to defend herself; and I doubt if England would send a large army of relief, were she attacked for the purposes of annexation to the United States. But from what I have gathered from Canadians themselves during my short stay among them, the States would find Canada as troublesome a part of her dominions as England is disposed to think Ireland is—and perhaps far more so, for the Canadians hate the Yanks, as they call them, and take a pride in being associated with England, knowing well their incapability to govern themselves and become a nation dependent solely on itself. But I shall not enter into the consideration of this subject; much has been written and said before, and I must not digress further.

To return to Montreal, this open space which I have just been speaking about is the only thing of the kind in the lower town, except the markets; but as you ascend and come into the upper part of the city, you will find some fine avenues and enclosures.

This part may be called the "West End" of Montreal. Of late years Montreal has been greatly improved and enlarged, and several fine places are now passed by when ascending the mountain. I was greatly struck by the appearance of one of the houses that was only just finished when I was there, and on inquiry I was told the place was just completed for Mr. Allan, one of the directors of the Montreal Ocean Steamship Company. The view was charming from his windows, as it overlooked the city and broad St. Lawrence rolling on in the valley beneath, together with the splendid mountain scenery, would form a picture the eye could never tire of. The population of Montreal in 1825 was 22,357; in 1831 27,297; and in 1844, 44,093. Thus we see the gradual increase in the population of this fine city since the year 1825; and since 1844 the city has become much larger and the population greatly increased. The lower part of Montreal is inhabited by French Canadians, and in some of the back parts not a word of English is spoken, the lower class of people speaking a kind of patois indigenous to Montreal; and though I knew something of the French language, I found it difficult to make myself understood. There are several convents and hospitals for the relief of the sick poor. These are admirably conducted and kept in perfect order, neat and clean, by an efficient staff of nuns, or Ladies of

Charity, who reside in the convents. Too much praise cannot be given to these people, who devote their whole time and energy to this charitable work; and though their seclusion within the gloomy walls of the convents and hospitals, and their separation from the world and all that is going on in it, is a sacrifice which they are not in any way, either by duty or self-interest, called upon to exercise, we must not forget the great good they do, and the vast sphere of usefulness in which they move. Contrast the London and Parisian hospitals, the paid and the unpaid nurses, and the difference will soon be seen. The bank of Montreal is also a fine building, and the gaol of the district is worthy of a visit. The public buildings, though some are very fine, cannot contrast with others in such cities as London, New York, and Paris, but, nevertheless, will repay the trouble of viewing them. The various gradations in the progress of the city of Montreal, from the time when a few Indians settled there to the present time, when Montreal is a fine, handsome, flourishing city, I quote from the *Gazetteer of the World*—"History." In 1640 a few log houses, built close together on the side of an ancient Indian village called Hochelaga, formed the nucleus of this city, and bore the name of Villemarie, a name afterwards changed to that of Montreal, from the eminence of that name which commands the city.

The convenience of the situation causing a rapid increase, the population soon amounted to 4,000. In consequence of the hazards to which the newly-established town was exposed from the hostility of the Iroquois, a barrier was drawn round it with palisades, and it was afterwards surrounded by a high wall with battlements. All danger of Indian hostility having long ago ceased, the wall was allowed to fall into decay, and the last remains of the ancient fortification were removed to make way for the introduction of some improvements for the convenience and embellishment of the place. Montreal was taken by the English, under the command of General Amherst, in 1760. In 1775 it was taken by the Americans, under General Montgomery, but was soon after evacuated. In July, 1852, Montreal was devastated by a dreadful fire, which destroyed from 1,200 to 1,500 houses, chiefly in Quebec suburb, and consumed property to the value of 4,000,900 dollars."

This brief sketch of the history of Montreal is interesting, and when it was written the city was not nearly so fine as it has now become; and were those who once lived in the Indian village of Hochelaga able now to return and visit it, no doubt great would be their surprise at seeing the city of Montreal taking the place of their little village. The western world has of late made rapid strides, and now the

traveller is astonished to see those mighty cities, which, being of so late a date, possess but little historical interest, and are not brought before the public mind in the manner our European cities are, by the teaching of modern and ancient geography as well as history. Nothing, I maintain, can be better calculated to enlarge the youthful mind than a tour through the States and Canada, where not only the advancement in the growth of cities is to be noticed, but the advancement in the various branches of science and mechanical industry can fairly cope with its favoured parent land. The Victoria-bridge of the Grand Trunk Railway at Montreal is but a solitary instance of the advancement in works of engineering skill; while the many mechanical instruments invented by Americans prove they are not behind-hand in scientific invention. The Victoria-bridge which I have just mentioned was constructed for the Grand Trunk Railway, and the engineer who has almost immortalised himself by this great work was Mr. Robert Stephenson, who was one of the principal engineers; but there are others whose names ought to be mentioned—one particularly, Mr. Hodges, whose great skill in engineering works was made most conspicuous in this great bridge. His most elaborate work, with the numerous well-designed plans and drawings, is well worthy the attention of those interested in this great piece of engineering

skill. That there were men sent over from this country to help in constructing, or causing to be constructed, this bridge, no one can deny; but when the work was carried on in Canada, and by Canadian workmen, it therefore must be considered as one of the great Canadian public works. There are, I believe, about 25 arches, having a span of 242 feet, excepting the centre arch, which is 360 feet. The bridge is tubular and formed of iron; the buttresses are made very powerful and sunk some distance into the bed of the river, and I believe each one is supposed to resist and bear up against the pressure of some 80,000 tons of ice, when the season comes and the frozen Lake Ontario breaks up and rushes with great velocity down the St. Lawrence. The bridge answers admirably, and time has proved that even years can pass away without injuring the buttresses, so great is the strength of the bridge. There are several lines of railways from Montreal, and on account of its central position the trade of the city is very considerable. The river St. Lawrence brings from the seaboard and foreign countries the various imports which are required for Montreal, and these are in large proportion to the whole import in Canada. In the year 1850 the value of goods imported was £1,726,350 sterling, and the whole value of all goods imported into Canada in the same year was only £4,245,217. Then, from

the country, barrels of apples and boxes of grapes are forwarded by the steamboats. And this business has been most lucrative, quantities of the apples being shipped for Europe, or forwarded hence to supply the New York markets; also numerous barrels of flower from the west and from Rochester, which latter place is famous for its good flour, are sent to Montreal for home and foreign use. I must now bring my remarks about Montreal to a close, and proceed with a description of the places I passed through on my way to New York.

Towards the close of the day, after having seen the most I could in so short a time as my stay in Montreal was, I proceeded to the depôt, and took the train for Rouse's Point, which, after passing through some fine country, brought us to Lake Champlain, where at Rouse's Point we found the steamer which was to convey us down the lake in readiness; and as evening was fast verging into darkness, I determined not to lose the beautiful scenery of Lake Champlain by travelling at night. So, disembarking at Plattsburg, I proceeded up to the hotel and passed the night. On awaking next morning I could see by the clear bracing air and the fiery sun rising in the eastward that we would have a fine day, though exceedingly cold. So, hastening down, I soon caught the boat, which left at an early hour in the morning, and breakfast being

prepared on board, there was no delay at Plattsburg in order to obtain some refreshment before starting on the journey.

It was a clear, bright, frosty morning as we steamed down the beautiful Lake Champlain in one of those delightful and comfortable American steamboats which make travelling on the lakes in fine weather so delightful. Lake Champlain is fraught with interest to the traveller on account of its wild and romantic scenery, and also to the historian on account of the bloody battles fought by the English and Americans on its sparkling waters as they engaged in the unequal strife for American soil. This beautiful lake forms part of the boundary between the States of New York and Vermont. Northward it extends as far as Rouse's Point about five miles into Canada, or, if we count the Chambly, about thirty-five miles. In shape it is long and narrow, but bulging out about the centre; it is over 100 miles long, and in some places from ten to twelve miles wide, while in others it is not a quarter of a mile in width. As we pass Ticonderoga landing-stage, and where we approach Whitehall, the lake becomes very narrow, with high rocky sides. In direction it lies between north and south, and its waters cover an area of 500 miles. There are in all about sixty islands interspersed through the lake; amongst the largest are north and south Hero Islands and

Lamotte. The lake is deep and navigable for the largest vessels. It receives its waters from a number of small rivers flowing into it from the State of New York, and it is connected with the Hudson river by means of the Champlain canal, which extends sixty-four miles in length; to the north it empties itself, through the river Richelieu or Chambly, into the St. Lawrence at Lake St. Peter.

It was in the year 1609 that Samuel Champlain, who founded Quebec, first discovered this lake, and I find an interesting account of his first exploration up the lake in one of Nelson's guides; therefore, I cannot do better than quote the account there given:

"Having established the infant colony on Cape Diamond, and passed the winter of 1608 there, Champlain started, on the 28th of May, 1609, to explore the interior. In order to facilitate his operations, he entered into an agreement with his Indian friends, who belonged to the celebrated Algonquin nation, to assist them in a proposed invasion of the lands of the Iroquois. Accordingly, he took a band of soldiers with him. Having passed Lake St. Peter, they arrived at the mouth of the river, which he was told took its rise in the country of the Iroquois. This was the Richelieu. They had not proceeded far, however, ere their progress was interrupted by the Chambly rapids, which

dashed furiously from bank to bank, amid rocks and stones. Up this the boat could not be taken, and the obstacles in the way of cutting a road through the woods were so great, that Champlain determined to commit himself to the canoes of his savage allies and share their fate. His men, however, refused to accompany him, with the exception of two, who seem to have been more courageous than the others. Leaving the rest of the party behind, the bold discoverer and his two men followed the savages. They carried the light canoes, arms, and baggage half a league overland, and re-embarking above the falls, they continued their journey. Finally, they emerged upon the magnificent bosom of the lake, on which Champlain bestowed his name. The party, on deadly war intent, continued their voyage until they reached the beautiful waters of Lake George; and here they caught the first glimpse of their enemies.

"The Iroquois instantly flew to arms on beholding the invaders, and entrenched themselves behind a strong fortification of trunks of trees. Nothing was done that night, however; it was spent by both parties in dancing their war-dances and shouting defiance to each other. Next day the two bands drew near to fight. Then, for the first time, the echoes of the lake reverberated with the report of firearms, and the breasts of the awe-stricken savages heaved with

terror. Champlain fired an arquebus loaded with four balls, by which he killed two Indians and mortally wounded a third. Still the brave Iroquois stood their ground, recovered from their surprise, and poured in clouds of arrows; when another and another deadly shot from the thickets struck such terror into their hearts that they turned and fled precipitately, abandoning their fortification and seeking protection in the heart of the forest. A number were killed and ten or twelve taken prisoners, and these latter were put to death in the usual savage fashion, with horrible tortures."

This account of the first time when the din of arms, the noise of warriors, and the report of firearms disturbed the peaceful silence which renders this beautiful lake more charming, was but the foreshadower of a bloodier strife, when, instead of the Indians in all their savage nature, equipped with bows and arrows, and shouting their hideous war-cry as they sought to exterminate each other, civilized nations, with more deadly weapons, would engage in fearful strife and make the mountain sides to echo back the roar of the cannon and the sharp firing of musketry, each endeavouring to assert their claim for those lands which they, acting together in the first place, drove the rightful owners from, and compelled the Indians to seek amid the rocky fastness of the northern and western mountains a new

home, where to content themselves till their oppressors should become more numerous, and drive them farther back; until in the lapse of years but few, if any, of their happy hunting-grounds should be left to them; and in the place where once the savage war-fire brightly burned, mighty cities, full of life and business, should be reared up. But who will repine at the extermination of the Indians and their ferocious manner of treating each other, and oft-times themselves. They have given place to civilization; and that which they were not destined to perform has been accomplished by others more suited to carry out such ends. If, indeed, we look at the great cities of America, whether north or south, and consider their great commercial importance, and how rapidly they have attained to it, we must look on America, with its vast resources, its splendid country, and people every day gaining experience, as destined to become one of the greatest nations in the world.

But, to return to the consideration of the scenery of Lake Champlain, the discovery of which we have just been adverting to. As I before mentioned, I passed down this beautiful lake on a charming autumnal day. The sun indeed cheered us, and all around presented a fine appearance, and, though frosty, the day was not very cold. The wind had subsided, and the waters of the lake were as smooth as

crystal. The islands, studded with trees whose leaves were just beginning to fall, having been prettily tinted by their autumnal change, presented a most agreeable appearance. These lakes have been compared to Loch Lomond and Loch Kathrine, and indeed they can fairly cope with them in all respects; and being much larger than the Highland lakes, present a greater extent of the magnificent scenery for which they are so much esteemed. Ben Nevis and the Trossachs, with Helen's Isle, form indeed a charming view; but where Champlain narrows as it approaches its southern extremity, more beautiful or pleasing views cannot be wished for. As we passed down the lake, not far in the distance towered aloft the snowy peaks of Mount Mansfield, with its remarkable nose, mouth, and chin, and nearer in the background appeared mountains of lesser stature.

The scenery along the shore is highly picturesque, and the mountain sides well wooded. Between April and June the lake rises from four to eight feet, and there are several indications to show that the waters have fallen since the year it was discovered about thirty-five feet, as large rocks in many places appear to be marked many feet higher than they at present are by the level of the water.

This lake forms one of the routes between the States and Canada, and it was when returning from

Montreal to New York that I sailed down it, stopping at Ticonderoga to visit Lake George. Champlain is crowded with boats of all kinds and descriptions, from the swift and elegant passenger boats to the canal boats and barges, which pass from the lake into the Champlain canal, which latter connects it with the river Hudson, and that river with New York and the Atlantic Ocean. Indeed by thus connecting, by means of these great canals, the various rivers and lakes of importance in the Northern States, the Americans not only have made for themselves a grand mode of transit, but also have strengthened their modes of defence up country—for, possessing the entire extent of water, they, without opposition, could at any time send a splendid fleet of vessels on to the lakes and up into Canada.

The steamers which convey goods and passengers up and down the lake run every day from Rouse's Point to Whitehall—of course, stopping at several places on the way. These steamers burn entirely wood; huge blocks about four feet long, and from twelve to eighteen inches in circumference, are thrown into the capacious fires underneath the boilers. The sparks, flying in thousands from the funnel, present a pleasing sight in the dark, when in the undisturbed quietude of a still night the waters of the lake are agitated by the passing steamer, which sends these fiery sparks in showers all round; and when, on ac-

pount of the darkness of the night, the vessel is unable to be seen, it looks like an immense rocket shooting along the lake. Of these steamers there have been upwards of twenty launched, and of sloops nearly 200. The lake abounds in fish; quantities of salmon, trout, pickerel, and carp are to be found; and I believe a good fisherman would not fail to obtain capital sport with his rod. In winter, both on Champlain and Lake George, numbers of fish are taken. The lake being frozen over, a large auger is used to bore a hole in the ice; then the baited line is let down through the hole into the water, and before long a fish is caught, as they seize with avidity all morsels of food. At that time of the year the fish taken are not considered very good, as they are then out of season, though by the inhabitants round they are largely consumed. From January to March the lake is entirely frozen over. The thaw usually comes on about the middle of March, and then the ice breaks up, and the lake receives more water into it from the various rivers round, and it rises, as I have before mentioned, from four to eight feet.

Passing down the lake, I arrived at two p.m. at the landing-stage, Fort Ticonderoga, and, disembarking, bade adieu to the steamer, which continued her course down to Whitehall; while I, leaving Champlain to the right, passed along up a narrow and

rugged path which led to a large irregularly-buil house, which stood on the side of a hill commandin a fine view of the lake and the surrounding moun tains. After a little while I got into the house and on inquiry found it to be an hotel, which, o account of the season being just over, was quit deserted; but the landlord assured me he ha thousands of visitors all through the summer months The house, though a rural one, was most comfort able and very large; and on account of its position and being situated near one of the prettiest spots o Lake Champlain, as also the historical interes associated with Fort Ticonderoga, would, I doub not, draw a large number of visitors during th season, to enjoy a few weeks, or even less, betwee the two lovely lakes. Having determined to have peep at Lake George, I inquired of my host th best way to proceed there; he informed me that th stage had gone some three hours before to the villag of Ticonderoga, which was situated about one mil from the Lake, and the distance from Fort Ticon deroga to the village was just four miles; but as h was just starting for that place, if I would go up an have a look round the fort, he would follow me i half-an-hour with his conveyance, and be most happ to give me a seat. I accordingly thanked him, and thinking how fortunate I was to get a drive over t the village instead of walking, proceeded, accordin

to his directions, to view the fort. Old Fort Ticonderoga, as the Americans call it, is not of any very ancient date. It was built by the French, and by them called Carrillon. The name it now goes by is of Indian origin, and means noisy, though they did not give this name to the fort in particular, but to the falls at the outlet of Lake George; but now the village, the falls, and the fort all go by the name of Ticonderoga. On turning to the left on leaving the hotel, and passing up the hill about a quarter of a mile, I reached the fort, and proceeded to examine it. I could find nothing remarkable. It certainly showed that once it was a fort, but the grass having grown over it, and brambles luxuriated in their rocky bed, showed that at any rate it was the ruin of some building. I found a subterranean passage which I entered, but previous to going in I fired my pistol, thinking it best in that way to announce myself should there be any occupant that might not desire my company. However, finding all clear, I went in, but soon found the place was very small, and no passage of any length issuing out of it. From its position I thought that perhaps there might exist an underground passage down to the lake from the fort.

This fort was built by the French in the year 1756, and by them held in peace till the year 1768, when the English, with an army of 16,000 men,

under Abercrombie, attacked it, and a battle ensue in the woods a little above the fort. The Frenc had so strengthened their position by strewing gres numbers of trees and bushes, that before the attack ing party could reach the fort they were mown dow by the artillery of the fort; and after having los 1,700 men Abercrombie retreated. The followin year the French abandoned Fort Ticonderoga, an General Amherst took possession of it and planted th English flag upon its walls. It was afterwards take by the Americans, under Allen, who took it by sur prise. After that General Burgoyne captured i from the Americans; and thus the English held i till given up at the end of the War of Independence This, then, is a brief account of the history of thi old place, which is now pointed out to strangers a worthy of their notice. But so modern is Americ so vast the extent of country, and of so late a dat its history, that till the last war there were but fe places deserving the attention of the historian. Th last great struggle which convulsed the weste world, in which the bloody strife was carried on wi such bitter animosity, was fought, not as heretofo by Europe, anxious to obtain a slice of a magnifice country to add to their possessions and to increa their wealth, but by a people whose forefathers h fought side by side, and given up their lives to ass their independence and drive from their shores t

envoys of foreign rule. The effect of the war between North and South has been to ruin for a time a magnificent and fertile country down south. The plantations so neatly kept—the swampy grounds that produced the supply of rice which gave a plenty to the negroes, who used large quantities of it, now are bare and deserted; the slaves, held in bondage and made to work, have suddenly been freed; and now they are asked if they should wish to work, and told they need not unless they feel so disposed. Of course the idle, lazy negro, having a choice, will not work; and I speak from experience, having been in the South at the termination of the war, when for a day's work we had to pay five shillings to a negro—and then it was considered almost a compliment. How could it be otherwise? A mighty change was made in a moment, and those who all their lives had been forced to work were in great numbers turned out into that freedom which how to rightly use they had no idea of. In vast numbers basking in the sun, either on the greens in the city or on the wharves by the river side, the negro could be seen, when the country was going to destruction on account of want of manual labour.

But let not my readers suppose I am endeavouring to defend slavery or say that it was right. The principle was indeed a bad one; but when slavery had existed for so long a time, the result would, I doubt

not, have been far different if the abolition of slavery had been gradual. That white men never could have produced in some of the more southern states the great improvement and the flourishing condition that country was found in previous to the war, is, I think, obvious to any person who has visited those parts; for who except the negro could have developed the rice-fields in the swamps of Carolina, and under an almost vertical sun worked the plantations. And going further down into those once fertile isles of the Carribbean Sea we find a similar state of things to those existing in the Southern States. The negro has been created with a black external covering which enables him to stand manual labour in those sultry climes, where it is impossible for the European to labour for any length of time; but what the white man does possess is characteristically absent in the sable race—viz., a will to work. Few indeed are the exceptions to the general rule that the blacks are innately idle and lazy, and unless compelled to work will not do so. But into the arguments for and against slavery I must not enter, having even now departed from my subject. Therefore I must crave the reader's attention while I return to Fort Ticonderoga, where I awaited the arrival of the conveyance which was to bring me to the village *en route* to Lake George. After a wait of about half-an-hour, I saw ascending

e side of the hill in the direction of the fort a rious-looking vehicle drawn by two horses. On ning nearer I recognised my newly-made ac- aintance driving. When he came up with his team," as he called it, he politely asked me to get and make myself comfortable. After wondering r a few minutes where I was to locate myself, I ked him was it on this machine I was to ride; and hen I give a description of the conveyance my aders will not wonder at my consternation and un- illingness to mount, as he designated it. There were ur wheels, with three pieces of plank stretched ngthways on the carriage which connected the heels. In front was a long piece of wood with ooks in it to fasten the traces on to, by which the orses pulled. On this car were piled up a great umber of buffalo hides, and in front, on the sum- it of one of the piles, sat the driver, having the ins of a pair of horses in his hand. Without uch loss of time or waste of politeness, I was told take my seat on the top of the buffalo hides; so, I could get no other mode of transit, I made the st of it, and up I got. The long-lashed whip icked and the woods echoed back the sound, when started the horses in full gallop. The cart—for an't call it anything else, and a most primitive e it was—jolted so fearfully that every moment I ought I should have been thrown off; and to make

matters worse, the road was very bad. However, on we went for about half-a-mile, when my charioteer informed me the road went no further; and, turning to the right, he dashed through the forest, and over a ditch, and down the other side of the hill. By this time I fully thought car, hides, and everything else would have been dashed down the hill, and I viewed the driver as a psychological mystery that I was unable to solve. However, after a drive of the most exciting nature, which lasted about half-an-hour, we arrived at the village of Ticonderoga, where I bade adieu to the whole concern and my generous friend who had thus far conducted me across the mountain, and proceeded to the inn. This was a nice wooden house, painted white, with a capital piazza in front. Entering, I made application at once for a bed-room, as I had determined to sleep there that night, and proceed on up Lake George the following day. Having been informed that the lake could be reached in a few minutes by continuing the course of a small stream that ran close by, I at once set out, and soon gained the water's edge. The sight well repaid me for all my trouble. There Horicon lay in undisturbed quietude the numerous islands adding to the beauty of the picture, and the setting sun descending in its fiery passage behind the mountain-top, with the beauteous calm of the evening, all served to enrapture

the senses. I have frequently met with people while travelling who could not understand how anyone could be so delighted with scenery, nor could they understand how people could delight so in climbing mountains to see the sun rise or set over some lake; but I can only pity such for the great loss which they have in not being able sufficiently to enjoy the beautiful landscapes which an ever-bounteous Hand has placed for His creatures' pleasure. To my mind, nothing is so enjoyable as a trip in fine weather through some tract of country remarkable for its scenery. The mind is refreshed by it, and the whole system seems renovated; and I fully agree with the American guide-books, which tell us these lovely spots are the places where the inhabitants of the large towns resort to in summer in "quest of pleasure and health;" and, indeed, one is needful to make the other exist, for ill-health will prevent anyone from enjoying even these rural retreats.

Lake George, or Haricon, as the Indians call it, is situated in the state of New York, close to Warren county. It is 36 miles long, and from 2 to 3 miles wide. It lies 240 feet above the level of the tide-waters of the Hudson. At its northern end it empties itself through a small stream (which has a descent of over 100 feet) into Lake Champlain at Fort Ticonderoga. The waters of the lake are re-

markably clear, and the bed is formed of yellow sand, which can be seen at a depth of seven fathoms. The islands are very numerous, there being in all about 350. Some are very prettily wooded, whilst others are bare and rugged rocks, on which vegetation does not flourish. The surrounding scenery serves to render more enchanting this lovely lake; and being so easily reached from the great northern cities of the States, as also those of Canada, its shores are crowded in the summer time by numbers of excursionists. There is a small steamboat which plies between Caldwell and Ticonderoga, conveying passengers up and down the lake, passing by all the places of interest that are visited. The steamer is called the *Minnie-ha-ha*, which means "laughing water." It is most comfortable, I believe, and well suited for the lake on which it runs. This lake is celebrated for fishing, and it is chiefly on it that the fishing through the ice, which I have already described, is carried on during the winter months.

It was late in the evening when I visited the lake; and, after looking about a short time at the northern end of the lake, I retraced my steps to the inn at the village of Ticonderoga, intending the following day to proceed to the southern end of Lake George. On arriving at the inn I found supper was ready, so accordingly I at once attacked it, as, not having eaten any dinner, I felt

ather inclined for food. Before very long, there eing nothing to occupy one's attention in the illage, I went to my bedroom, thinking that as I neant to get up at five o'clock next morning and roceed on my tour, I might just as well have a ew hours of sleep before twelve, to make up for hose that would be lost by so early a rising. But hen I awoke next morning, the heavy and inces- ant rain forbid me attempting to proceed, and herefore I abandoned the project, hoping that after reakfast the weather might take up and the rain ease; but it did not, and I was kept a close risoner till 1 P.M., when the stage drove up, and was informed that I might, if I thought proper, eturn to Lake Champlain; and, as I could not be ertain of the weather, I thought it better to leave loricon behind and proceed on down Champlain. ontenting myself with what I had seen the pre- ious evening of this favoured lake, I took my seat the conveyance, and left the village of Ticonde- oga and Lake George with reluctance. I soon eached the borders of the lake, and not having for- otten my friend, who had so kindly driven me ross the mountain the day before, I directed the river to drop me at the hotel as the steamer would ot be up for an hour and a-half. I soon found t the inhabited part of the house, which, at that me of day in a country house in America, as else-

where, happened to be the kitchen. I ordered di
ner of the hostess, as my old charioteer was ou
and in fifteen minutes I got it; and, as it was a r
markable one, I took notes at the time which enab
me to give an account of it now. It consisted of
nicely done beefsteak, with fried potatoes, sausage
boiled tripe, boiled potatoes, cabbage, bread, butte
cheese, and apple-tart, which, with two cups of te
completed the repast. On demanding my bill,
found I had to pay one shilling and six-pence
which not very exorbitant price I at once pai
and, bidding my hostess adieu, I went down to th
landing-stage and waited for the steamer. Before
long, I saw the boat gracefully gliding up to th
landing-stage, where it stopped and let out som
few passengers, while I embarked; the bell rung
the whistle sounded, the wheel was put hard over
and away went the boat, and was soon out of sigh
of old Fort Ticonderoga; and, passing swiftl
through "the narrows," I was again surrounded b
most charming views. The lake became almost a
narrow as a river, with high rocky banks clothe
with verdure; and the still water of the lake, of
dark green hue, and only agitated by the passin
steamer, reflected in its bosom the rocky mountai
sides. The evening was beautiful, though rath
cold, and the setting sun had scarce disappeare
when, in the darkening twilight of the evening, w

neared the town of Whitehall and the southern extremity of Lake Champlain. I do not know when I was more pleased with any place than I was with my run down this lovely lake. Pausing for a short while, and, amid the beauties of Champlain and Horicon, the traveller is carried away in thought, and a deep reverie seizes his mind, as, lost in admiration, he for a moment forgets where he is. Surely, amongst this paradise of the western world, contemplating the works of Nature, man must feel those high and lofty aspirations for heaven, where, as in peaceful Eden, he may rest in holy quietude. Nothing is better calculated to awaken within the human breast that fervent love and spirit of thankfulness to an ever-bounteous Providence, who thus strews His blessings on an unthankful, sinful race. That this world is cursed for man's sake, one would almost forget when admiring these two favoured spots; for it seems as if Nature in forming them had, with her bounteous hand, enriched these places with her richest gifts. And, indeed, no harder task could be given to any man than to describe the scenery of these two lakes, for words are insufficient to form an idea of their beauty, and the heart enraptured can only tell to the mind what it feels.

It was almost quite dark when we arrived at Whitehall, and leaving the steamer and the lake,

I passed up a narrow pathway that led to the town Whitehall lies close beside the junction of the cana with the lake. It is prettily situated, and it proximity to the lake serves, with the surroundin mountains, to render its situation more charming Like many other places along Lake Champlain an Lake George, it was of considerable importanc during the early wars between the French an Indians, and afterwards in the War of Indepen dence. It contains a population of over 4,000; i possesses four churches, a bank, and numbers o shops, which the Americans call stores; there ar also ship-building yards and two dry-docks.

Here I should advise the traveller to stop; an as it is late in the evening when the boat gets in, h will not lose much time by waiting till the followin day, when many places of interest may be explored which will well repay for the trouble taken i viewing them. I did not however stop here, a I was anxious to get on to New York without muc delay; so making for the depot, which I soo reached, I took my seat in one of the cars fo Saratoga Springs. We had not long to wait, as th train started half-an-hour after the arrival of th boat; and after passing through a rather wil country, we reached Saratoga at 7.30 p.m. I mad my way up to the American Hotel, which was the the best hotel open, as the great ones, which ar

nly open during the summer season, were just losing up, as most of the visitors had departed.

Saratoga Springs, to quote the language of one he guides, "that celebrated resort of lovers of nineral waters, fresh air, and amusement"—which hree things are essential to most of the New Yorkers in a position to enjoy them—is situated n the county of Saratoga and state of New York. n position it lies 37 miles north of Albany, 188 miles from New York, and 12 miles west of the iver Hudson. In the year 1773 it was first settled, nd its population now consists of 6,700, not counting the thousands of visitors that annually frequent t, seeking from its waters that health which they re so widely extolled for giving. Oftentimes the number of visitors during the months of July and August amount to nearly double the number of he resident population. The number of hotels in he village of Saratoga, as it is called, is unusually arge. Some of them are most magnificent buildings, and elaborately and elegantly furnished; others re plainer, though quite as comfortable; and for hose whose pockets do not contain such quantities f dollars as would enable them to stay at the grand ouses, boarding-houses are provided. From a little ook called "The Visitor's Guide and Directory of aratoga Springs" the following list of hotels and oarding-houses is taken:

United States Hotel, situated on Broadway an Division-street, and extending to the railroad depo Open from the 15th of June until the 1st c October.

Union Hall, on the corner of Broadway an Congress-street, is a splendid house, with nea grounds in the rere; is situated near Congres Springs. It is open only during the season.

Congress Hall, on the Broadway, opposite t Union Hall, is a first-class hotel, and receives liberal patronage from the visitors who come t Saratoga Springs. This is only open during th season.

Clarendon Hotel, on the corner of Broadway an William-street, is a new and splendid hotel, havin a mineral spring, billiard-rooms, &c., attached to i

Then, besides these just mentioned, there are th Columbian Hotel, Lafayette House, the Marvi House, New York Hotel, the American Hote White's Hotel, the Continental Hotel, Commerci Hotel, Exchange Hotel.

Besides all these hotels there are numerous board ing-houses, the principal of which are: Temple Grov House, Washington Hall, Wilbar House, Circula street House, Franklin House, Mrs. Spooner boarding-house, Mountpleasant House, Park Hous Bacon's boarding-house, Elm House, Carpenter boarding-house, Miss Sarah Penfield's boarding

ouse, Clinton House, Vermont House, Farr's oarding-house, Empire House, New York House, Reed's boarding-house, Howard House, and Pitney's oarding-house.

I have perhaps exhausted the reader's patience by having given such a number of names of hotels nd boarding-houses, but my object in thus enumerating these places is to show to what an extent the visiting of the springs of Saratoga during the season is carried on, when in so small a town, containing nly 6,700 inhabitants, such numbers of first-class otels and boarding-houses are supported by only hree or four months in the year receiving visitors. The waters certainly are the attraction, and from heir never-failing supply thousands annually derive reat benefit. It would be out of place here to enter pon the consideration of the medicinal value of hese springs, and the various disorders each spring is held in repute for curing; this, though very interesting to some, would, I doubt not, be considered as very unfit for a work of this kind. Therefore, I must content myself by recommending to any of my readers who may feel disposed to inquire further into the properties of the waters of these springs, an admirable little work entitled "Book of the Springs," published by B. Huling, of Saratoga Springs, and written by a Dr. North, one of the resident physicians at Saratoga.

But to return to my account of my visit to thes springs. After depositing my travelling-bag in th hotel and engaging a bedroom, I went out to explor the town by gas-light. This did not take long, fo I found the place but small. There was one prin cipal street called Broadway, and in it were all, o mostly all, the finest houses, and all the stores On the left, about midway, extending up to th railway depot, is Division-street, and on the right going up the town, is Lake-avenue, which leads ou on the high-road from Saratoga Springs to Lak Saratoga, which is a pretty sheet of water abou four miles from the town; and by those who seek quieter place, and enjoy boating and fishing, the Lak House is chosen as a fit spot where to spend a mont in the summer time; and many visitors to th springs, seeking a change for a week or two fro the town, find the Lake House a most desirabl retreat. After having walked up and down Broa way, I found the post-office, which was near opposite to the American hotel, and having a lett in my pocket which I intended to send home, dropped it into the box. Next door to the pos office was a newsvender's shop, which I entered, an was permitted to take up any of the papers and rea what I chose and for as long as I wished. Aft having spent some time here, I purchased a numb of papers and sent them to friends in Great Britai

who, not knowing where I was, were greatly astonished at receiving a paper from so distant a place. By the time I had directed these and posted them, the evening had far advanced; so I retraced my steps to my hotel, where I spent that night. The following morning was a clear bright one, and the slight frost that lay on the ground in the early dawn was just disappearing, as after a hearty breakfast, served in good American style—the chief characteristic of which is plenty—I made my way out of doors, and, leaving the hotel behind me, I proceeded down the town to view the far-famed and remarkable springs of which I had heard so much. The first I shall describe is Congress Spring. Near the end of the town, as you pass along, your eye is attracted by a nicely laid-out park, with neat iron railings enclosing it. As you enter, on the left-hand side you see a glass house, and on entering, a well is found in the centre; and boys are always present, with long rods which have glasses attached at one end. With these they soon fetch up a glass of the water, which, should you be desirous of drinking, is put into a tumbler and handed to you. These boys are called "dippers." Should you feel so disposed you are at liberty to reward them for their trouble by giving them a couple of cents, but in most of the springs they are not permitted to compel any one to pay them. Congress Spring, of which I am speaking,

was discovered in the year 1792 by a member of Congress, named Gilman, from New Hampshire. He with a few others, being struck by the great strength of the water, at once named it Congress Spring, and it has ever since retained the name. This spring is the fashionable resort for visitors, not only on account of the value of the water, but also on account of the beautiful park, which I mentioned as being seen on reaching Congress Spring. The grounds are well kept, and many pretty walks are to be found all through them. The whole expense of keeping up this place is borne by the proprietors of Congress Spring, who admit the public to walk about, and also give them as much of the water as they wish to drink without any charge being made for it. The water of this spring is greatly used as a remedial agent, not only in the States and Canada but also in several of the cities in Europe. So great is the demand for this water that persons are employed almost day and night bottling it off, and sending it all over the country to the various agents who dispose of it. The revenue from this spring is something wonderful. I have heard it remarked that many persons who come to these springs in search of health think that the more they consume of the water, the sooner it will cure them and the more lasting will be the effect; and for the truth of this I can vouch—for, passing on from

Congress Spring up one of the walks in the park, and then turning to the right, I saw a spring with a dome over it. This was a small one, and not enclosed, and to the little iron wall round the spring, which was on a level with the ground, was attached an iron cup, so that any persons wishing to drink had nothing to do but help themselves. On arriving at this spring I found it bubbling up, and a most disagreeable odour was perceptible on approaching it. I soon discovered that this bubbling was caused by the evolution of carbonic acid gas, with which the water was impregnated. Before many minutes two ladies came up, and taking the iron cup, drew out some of the water, which was forthwith swallowed, and then the dose repeated. I asked them if it was nice, and received an answer which shortly after I found I could not agree with—that "it was indeed delicious;" so I at once tasted it, and discovered that it was the worst-tasting medicine I had ever taken. My face of disgust greatly amused my companions, who could not understand my not appreciating it. These ladies, I think, were fair examples of the class of people who frequent the springs and drink from their never-failing fountains large quantities of the nauseous fluid. Of course, the quantity required to be taken by different persons varies, and some people feel the effects of a single glass, while others can take as much as two, three, or

seven. But nothing can be more erroneous than the idea that the more you take the sooner you will get well. Indeed, this is a popular error that the medical practitioner has to combat with in every-day practice. Patients think that unless they swallow, and are advised to do so, a great quantity of some nauseous medicine they will not get well. That horrid system of drugging people in order to obtain money is, I am glad to say, fast decreasing as scientific enlightenment is gaining ground.

Leaving, then, this spring, the next one visited would be Empire Spring, which is situated on the west side of the valley which extends about a mile to the north of Congress Spring, and can best be reached by going up to the railway station, and then taking the road to the right and along Van Dam to Front-street, at the end of which the spring will be found. About eighteen years ago this spring was first enclosed and secured. It ranks next to Congress Spring in public estimation, and will, I dare say, before long be thought even more of, as its water possesses such valuable medicinal properties. Persons suffering from consumption are only permitted to drink the water from this spring, as all the other springs seem to have an ill effect on such persons. The supply of water from Empire Spring is estimated at seventy-five gallons per hour.

High Rock Sping will next be visited. This spring

is said to be [illegible]. [illegible] is not exactly known, but [illegible] the date. The spring is [illegible] is said to be about [illegible]. The waters have a tonic property, and are [illegible] used, as there are several [illegible] gained a far higher reputation.

Columbian Spring, situated in the park to the south-west of Congress, is a valuable stimulating and strengthening water, having tonic properties.

Hamilton Spring, Pavilion Fountain, Clarendon Spring, Putnam Spring, and Ten Springs are others which, possessing valuable medicinal properties, are held in high repute as remedial agents. The last mentioned, viz., Ten Springs, is so called on account of there being ten springs, all within a few yards of each other; it is to be found in the valley, half-a-mile from Empire Spring.

Besides those already mentioned, there are two sulphur springs. "White Sulphur" is to be found on the eastern shore of Lake Saratoga. It is easily reached by two litle steamers, *Julia* and *Addie Smith*, which make regular trips to the springs every day during the season.

The second sulphur spring is "Benedict;" it will be found situated about three miles south-west of the village. The sulphurous exhalations from this spring impregnate not only the water but also the

surrounding atmosphere. This place is not mu visited.

There has been, within the last few years, a ne spring discovered and enclosed. As it was not, believe, named when I was there, I do not kn what it has been called; the water is, however, high praised by those who have taken it.

These springs are the far-famed mineral waters Saratoga, and the reader will see that there are great number, most of which possess different prope ties, and are useful in the alleviation of several form of disease; and when we consider that all the springs are issuing out of the same ground, a within a short distance of each other, it appears if Nature had placed them there for the cure maladies which she had produced. Most usefu indeed, have these waters been found, and thousand can bear testimony to their curative properties.

In concluding my description of the springs Saratoga, I shall quote an account as given in th guide-book I before mentioned. It goes to sho with what these waters are impregnated and th chemical agents they contain:

"The mineral character of the waters of Saratog springs is denominated acidulous, saline, an chalybeate, containing acid, salts, and iron. In th waters of all the different springs (excepting, course, the sulphur waters) the mineral constituent

are nearly the same, differing principally in their relative proportions. They are as follows: Chloride of sodium, carbonate of magnesia, carbonate of iron, silex, carbonate of soda, carbonate of lime, hydriodate of soda, and alumina. Of these chloride of sodium (common salt) is the principal ingredient, amounting to about three-fifths of the whole solid contents, the increase or diminution of which, in combination with the carbonate of magnesia, constitutes the most obvious difference in the waters.

"The following is the number of grains, in round numbers, of chloride of sodium in a gallon of the water of different springs, as given by analysis:

Congress Spring	...	....	360	grains.
Empire ,,	...	...	270	,,
Hamilton ,,	...	...	298	,,
Columbian ,,	...	...	290	,,
High Rock ,,	...	...	189	,,
Pavilion ,,	...	...	183	,,

The temperature of the water is not affected by the changes of the atmosphere. It remains the same in summer and winter—about fifty degrees of Fahrenheit."

Besides the numerous and fashionable hotels and boarding-houses in Saratoga, there are also medical institutions, or "water cures," as the "ignoble vulgus" call them, where large numbers of the most sickly

of the visitors resort to. The Saratoga Water Cure conducted under the supervision of N. Bedortha Esq., M.D., ranks as one of the best, and the ac commodation for patients is excellent. S. S. Strong' Remedial Institute is also held in high reputation Hamilton's Medical and Surgical Institute and th Botanic Infirmary are the other two medical institu tions of Saratoga. These places receive a libera patronage from visitors every year, and the term are moderate. Saratoga possesses five places o worship—a Presbyterian Church, Episcopal Church Methodist Church, Baptist Church, and Catholi Church, *i.e.*, Roman Catholic Church. Then, a to the places of amusement, there is Gridley' and Collier's U.S. bowling alleys, with pisto galleries and billiard rooms attached; this is th most extensive place of the kind in the town There are also Clarendon alleys and pistol gallery Ainsworth's billiard saloon, and Esmond's an Badgley's billiard rooms. The public halls ar two in number—St. Nicholas' Hall, in the Broad way, contains seats sufficient for about 600 persons and is used for concerts and lectures. Metropolita Hall is much smaller, and can only contain 300 o 400 persons. There are two excellent bath houses, at both of which all the usual variety of baths ca be had during the season. But from October t May, Saratoga is left in quiet; the great hotels ar

hut up for a time, and to the inhabitants of the own the place seems quite deserted.

Having thus glanced at the chief features of nterest in Saratoga Springs, I shall ask my readers o accompany me to Lake Saratoga, which is only istant from the town four miles. This is a pretty heet of water lying to the east of the springs. fter visiting the springs in the valley I crossed ver a few fields, and then came out on a good road. inquired where the road led to, and was informed he lake, and that it was only two and a-half miles istant. So, as the day was exceedingly fine, I determined to proceed and visit the lake. After about alf-an-hour's walk, or perhaps a little more, I came n sight of a nice-looking though rural house fronting the lake. There was a man tossing Indian corn talks in a field in front, and, being the only individual in sight, I at once went up to him in order to ain all the information I could about the place. I ound my informant very talkative, and civil in nswering all my questions. He told me that he was a German by birth, and had come out to America to seek his fortune—and he most certainly found it, for he was the lucky owner of the Lake House, which stood behind us. He said in summer time he had always a full house—hundreds of visitors during the season coming and going; indeed he told me the exact numbers, and how

many beds were made up of a morning, and h many sat down to dine every evening. He also t me he kept two men employed shooting game for t use of the house. The country round is w wooded, and plenty of game is to be found; a from the lake perch, bass, and other kinds of fi are taken, and form a great addendum to the bill fare each day. Boats and fishing-tackle can alwa be hired for either an hour or the whole da The other hotel is also well patronised, and very comfortable. To and from the hotels is t principal drive about Saratoga, and the road is good one and well kept.

The lake is about nine miles long, and is navigat by two little steamers, as I before mentioned wh speaking of the sulphur spring. Very pleasant inde are the little trips up and down the lake in the small steamboats for those who like going at a qui pace; but to those who, in the cool of the evenir desire to spend an hour or two on the lake, rowi and small sailing-boats are more desirable, and plen of them are kept in readiness. All the America require is just to feel a want for a short time, a before long that want will be sure to be supplie They are indeed an enterprising people, and th summer retreats are replete with every comfort a convenience that the art of man can dictate. there is nothing very remarkable in the scenery

ake Saratoga, though it is on the whole a lovely pot, I shall retrace my steps to the town, which I eached at one o'clock; and finding that the train for lbany city started in about three-quarters of an our, I took a hasty luncheon, and proceeded from he hotel up to the railway depot, where I found the rain in readiness to start. So, taking my seat in ne of the cars, I bade adieu to the interesting prings of Saratoga. At two p.m. the train started, nd we passed through much tilled land. The ountry of course did not look very well, as the crops ad just come off with the exception of the winter quashes. These are very much used both by men nd cattle. As a vegetable, during the winter it is most staple commodity, and for stall-fed beasts t is much used instead of turnips. The squash is species of vegetable marrow, but the American squashes are red both inside and outside. They attain an enormous size. Some of them grow as large as a man's body, but their general size is about the size of a man's head. I have eaten them frequently mashed up like turnips, for which, however, they are a bad substitute. They keep so admirably all through the winter when piled up, that they come in for winter and spring use when the supplies are almost exhausted. A coincidence which happened in the journey I shall narrate, as it shows on what an admirable system the railway trains are

conducted. When going through a wood some mile from any inhabited place, the guard went round t collect the tickets. I observed him to stop for long time with a man who sat in the further end o the car, and on listening I heard him say that if h did not produce his ticket or pay his fare at once he would put him out. The man refused, and would give no satisfactory answer; so the guard at once pulled a string which ran along the top of the cars and soon the train came to a stop, and the guard with two others, hauled the man out, and left him on the road. They then jumped in, pulled twice a the cord, and the train went off at full speed, leaving the refractory passenger behind in the forest, and I never heard more of him. Had this happened in an English or Continental train—or any other occurrence that required being dealt with in such a way—the train should have gone on to the next station before the offender could be expelled. After about four hours' ride we reached Albany at six o'clock in the evening. I had not far to go from the station to the boat, and, as it was Saturday night, I determined to travel down that way to New York, instead of taking the cars of the Hudson River Railroad, on account of the *St. John*, a magnificent steamer, starting from Albany at eight o'clock p.m. So, taking my travelling-bag in my hand, I went on board this floating palace. All was life and bustle

within, and numbers of nigger waiters were hurrying along from one saloon to another. The bell announcing that supper was ready in the lower saloon was sounding all through the ship. I required no second invitation, but going at once to the office on board I deposited my bag, and made my way down stairs, where I was supplied with a magnificent dinner for the low charge of one greenback dollar, at that time worth two shillings and four-pence of our money. My hasty lunch and my morning walk had helped to sharpen my appetite, and it being just the right hour, though on board they called it supper, I managed to enjoy a hearty dinner.

After having dined, my curiosity having been long since excited, I proceeded to examine this splendid steamboat. I am sorry to say I have omitted to put down in my diary the measurement of the ship and its saloons, for it would give the reader an idea of the vastness of the boat. I was informed, whether rightly or not I am unable to say, that the *St. John's* was next in size to the *Great Eastern*. I have seen both vessels, and as far as appearance goes the *St. John's* certainly looks nearly as large as the *Great Eastern*. There is on one of the western lakes a steamer, I believe, called the *Jacob Strudder*, or some such name, and this I have heard is even superior; but as I have never seen it, I cannot say anything about it. The *St. John's* is

built on the same plan as the other river boat having its saloons running right fore and aft. Whe you enter, you pass into what is in reality the dec of the vessel. On this are the officers' cabins, th office for depositing passengers' luggage, the ticke office, and several other places. Amidships on th deck, in the centre, are the powerful engines whic work the ship, and on either side the boilers, an underneath them the huge fires. Passing dow then from this deck you enter the dining saloo which is a magnificent room, with handsome pilla all round it and long tables extending all along bot sides. The saloon is splendidly decorated, and o either side and nearly all round are the state-room for sleeping in. Passing up then on deck, yo ascend a grand flight of stairs which brings you t the sitting-saloon, or drawingroom. This is reall magnificent. The great length, together with th manner in which it is furnished, makes it loo superb. All along the sides here also are state rooms, and the panels of many of the doors ar mirrors, which add to the fine appearance of th place. The whole ship is lit up with gas, and th chandeliers in the saloons are in good keeping wit the other articles of furniture, which are of the mos costly description. At either end of the uppe saloon are glass doors, which open out on to th upper deck, and persons so wishing can pass out an

walk all round. Seats are placed at short distances apart, and gentlemen come out and smoke their cigars of a cool summer's evening, while the ladies promenade; for it must be remembered that the American ladies are not so averse to smoking as those who inhabit our British isles; and though in the upper classes the ladies never smoke themselves, they appear to be quite accustomed to it, and do not object to the gentlemen's cigars. At eight o'clock P.M. the bell rang, the *St. John* left her moorings, and sped along down the Hudson at a good rate. It being dark, after having seen the last of Albany city as we steamed out of sight, I went down and took possession of a good berth in one of the state rooms, and committed myself to the power of Somnus, passing over my journey from Albany to New York without taking any notice of it, as I had passed up when I was proceeding to Niagara.

After ten or eleven hours' run we arrived at the wharf, or, as they are termed in New York, piers; and, disembarking, I made my way to the International Hotel, where, in Taylor's saloon, I found a capital breakfast waiting for me, and for as many more as chose to come for it.

New York, of course, was in holiday trim, the day being Sunday, and Broadway had all its great shops shut up, and the streets nicely swept; the street cars were running to and fro on their usual routes,

picking up and letting down passengers at vario stages on the way; the din and bustle of the wee day was absent, and, except the Jews' shops, were closed, which gave the town a look of quiet o never meets with in the great rival of New Yo New Paris; for there Sunday is thought so little except as a day for amusement and fun, and the whose incomes will not afford a holiday keep th shops open; the tradespeople or labourers go their usual daily work. This disregard for the co mand of God, to keep one day holy and to hono the Sabbath, is quite astonishing in Paris. Wh there a short time ago, I went to see some friend and it being Saturday, I made the remark that th had better go and order what things they would r quire for the morrow. They laughed at me, a said nobody thought of such a thing, as all the sho would be open the same as every other day. This found, in a great measure, to be the case. But n so, I am glad to say, in New York; and walkin with a gentleman, a resident for several years that city, he expressed it as his opinion that Co gress ought to frame a law to prevent the Jews fro keeping their shops open on Sunday. But in Pa no one ever dreams of such a thing as not havi the shops open; and in addition to this, the be pieces are to be seen at the theatres or the oper on Sunday evenings, whilst the Palais of Versaille

with its beautiful grounds, is the scene of noisy amusement, and rendered disagreeable by the crowds of people who come down for merry-making. This state of things, I am glad to say, does not exist in New York; and Central Park, as contrasted with the grounds at Versailles, is indeed a delightful place for an afternoon walk on a Sunday. In the morning I attended Divine service at Trinity Church, which is situated in Broadway, on the right hand side passing down to South-street, and a short way from the Astor House. After service was over, I made my way to my friend's house, and astonished them all by putting in an appearance, as they did not know of my return from the country.

The next day, after making inquiries as to the several ships that were to leave for Liverpool, I found one had just come into port from Liverpool that I had been on board before; and knowing some of the officers, I determined to wait in New York till she would be returning, and take my passage home in her. As she was not, however, to return for ten days, I made up my mind to locate myself comfortably at the International, and see the whole of New York. Therefore, I cannot do better than just follow out the rule that has guided me all through this little work, and give my readers a description of this fine city, which ranks as one of the first in the world, and an account of what I saw there. For the more

we see of the great modern cities that, with the gre
advance that science and art have during the la
century been making, have been keeping pace,
to speak, the better able we shall be to look in
the future, and consider what will in all probabili
happen when a further advancement has been mad
and even New York and New Paris thought but i
different.

That instead of advancement we shall soon reced
is an opinion held by some, and they support it l
reference to the signs that are being discovered
a greater knowledge in certain scientific things po
sessed by the ancient Romans, and in our country
the ancient Britons, which has been unknown f
hundreds of years. The Druidal remains in Wiltshi
show that some power greater than we at present po
sess must have been used to convey the huge roc
which are now found standing at those temples whe
the victims were sacrificed. But were we to argue th
in respect to the great cities of the day, and to co
sider that now we had almost attained our maximu
of knowledge, and that before long scientific advanc
ment would roll down the other side of the hill
had taken so long to climb up, we would lo
forward to these great cities passing away, and,
ancient Rome, Carthage, and other eastern citie
being merely places of historical interest.

This I have heard propounded; but surely to a

one who possesses a knowledge of science, it must be evident how little is known at present by the generality of people, and even philosophers themselves must acknowledge how much there is to discover and learn; so that it would be impossible for them to take up an idea so opposed to what they know to be true; and he who proclaims himself arrived at the top of the tree of knowledge, must, if it be correct, have attained a height that few dare dispute. Therefore, when I look back at what I have seen of these cities, and consider what advancement is every day being made, I am disposed to look forward to some greater changes, and to a time which, however, may be distant, when, as I have said before, New York and New Paris shall be thought but indifferent.

To enter into a lengthy description of the city of New York would take up quite as much space as the whole of this small work is permitted to occupy, and would only be a recapitulation of the various guides and histories of New York; therefore I shall content myself with a brief sketch of the place.

New York, though not the spot where the seat of government is placed, is the most populous and most wealthy of all the cities of the western world. Occupying a position close to the waters of the broad Atlantic, which brings her in direct communication with the eastern hemisphere, and makes her one of

the greatest shipping ports in the world. Built on Manhattan Island, where the Hudson and East rivers unite, New York is most prettily situated, and may be regarded as the commercial capital of the Northern States. The mainland is separated from the city by the East river and the Haarlem river, over which latter the high bridge of the Hudson River Railroad, already referred to, is built. The island of Manhattan, now the city of New York, is 13½ miles long, and in some places one mile in width, in others more or less; but the broadest part is not quite three miles. The population in 1845 was 371,102; in 1850, 515,394, and in 1861, 821,300. In sixteen years we see how greatly the numbers have increased, and I doubt not were we in a position to give the exact number of the population at this present time resident in New York, a great increase even upon that of 1861 would be observed.

The bay of New York and the harbour is one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. Coming up the river, passing Statten and the other islands, the principal of which are Governor's Island, Blackwell's, and Randal's, the mighty city of New York appearing suddenly to view, surrounded on all sides by beautiful country, and in close proximity to those splendid rivers, which, by their confluence from the bay of New York, serve to render it charming. Brooklyn city is built on the Long Island side to the

east; on the west lies Jersey city, Hoboken, and Weehawken. These places are connected with New York by great ferry boats propelled by steam, and kept from being carried out of their course by the force of the river by great iron chains passing along from one side to the other, to which the boats are attached. The construction of these ferry-boats is admirable. A large floating stage, with a deck cabin built on either side for foot passengers, and a closed-in archway, if I may so call it, in the centre for horses and carriages. This floating stage is guided across the river by the aid of the chains I have just alluded to, and a helm at either end; the pilot works a wheel in a small round tower which is built on the top of the centre—in fact, the roof of the place where the horses and carriages stand; then either end of the boat is formed in shape semicircular or triangular, and exactly corresponds with the landing stages where the people embark and disembark; and so close do the boats fit to the landing stages, that while with a friend, standing as we supposed on the stage awaiting the arrival of the ferry boat, and complaining of the length of time we were kept waiting, we suddenly found ourselves some way from the bank, and then discovered our resting place was not so stationary as we supposed, as we were on board one of the ferry boats. We were both novices, and had never seen anything of the kind before; but, I

doubt not, would at once have detected a ferry-b had it not been one of such peculiar constructio The charge for going and returning, if a number c tickets were bought at a time, was, I think, abou a halfpenny.

The place where all the emigrants land is Castl Garden, it is situated at the north of the Hudso river, and is a great place of resort as a fashionabl promenade, and, on account of being so near the busi ness part of the city and the Battery, is very convenien to those who have not time to go up to Central Park which is the grand place of resort. South-street is the great place for ships' stores, as it is close to the water's edge, and what we might call wharfs, but the Americans call piers; and in these also the New Yorkers display originality of construction. There are no docks and stone wharfs in the American commercial capital, such as are found in our great shipping ports, London and Liverpool, but in their place wooden piers are built out some 200 yards long and 100 to 150 wide; at either side two ships can lie and discharge their cargoes. They answer the purpose very well, and on account of the splendid harbour, and being so sheltered, these wooden piers sustain no damage. The docks for cleaning and repairing vessels, and also the ship-building yards, are situated here and constructed chiefly of wood; then all along North river these wooden piers are arranged as I

ve just described, and it is to this part of the city at most of the transatlantic steamers come, as the piers are in general better and longer than those in South-street. If we imagine an island with a city built on it, and having on each of its sides near the water's edge long streets; having on one side houses, on the other the water and the piers I have just described; then one long wide street passing up along the centre with numerous streets on either side passing from it, and at the head of the city a great park, we may gain a fair idea of what New York is. Built on Manhattan Island, South-street forms one of its principal boundaries, while the North river forms another, and in the long wide street in the centre we may recognise the Broadway, extending from South-street for several miles, and having numbers of streets on its right and left. Some of these have names; Wall-street for instance—the great Bourse of the Americans, where nearly all the houses were money exchanges during the war—can be taken as a fair example, but others are numbered from First-street upwards, which is a most admirable plan, and makes it much easier to find than if various streets were called different names.

The markets of New York are very fine, and situated to the right of North river, between it and the Broadway. The fruit market is well worthy of a visit should it be the right season, for then there

is a great show of apples, pears, plums, grapes, &c., most of which are very fine and very cheap; good grapes can be bought for four-pence a pound, and this is dear when compared with the price up country. At Rochester, for instance, a plenty of grapes can be bought for a halfpenny or a penny per pound, and a large trade has been done by men buying them in the autumn and packing them in boxes, and keeping them till winter, when, by sending them to Montreal or to New York, a good price can be obtained.

The public buildings are of a most costly description, some of them being faced with white marble; also the churches are many and magnificent. The City Hall in the Park next the Battery, is a splendid building of marble with marble columns; the Exchange in Wall-street, built of granite; and the Custom House, with its great business hall, are some of the principal public buildings. As I have just mentioned, there are several fine churches, and Trinity Church, a little below the Astor House in the Broadway, is worthy of a visit. Then the great hotels far surpass, in splendour of construction and especially in good management, our London hotels. Some may say this is not correct; look at Charing-cross, Westminster Palace Hotel, and the Great Northern. But taking them on the whole, I think they are far superior to our metropolitan hotels.

The International Hotel in the Broadway I found most comfortable. I was given a good bed-room, the use of a bath-room, with hot and cold water, the use of the sitting-room, which was splendidly furnished and most comfortable, and also the reading-room with all the papers of the day, for one dollar per twenty-four hours—and as that was a greenback it only cost me two shillings. Then in Taylor's Saloon, which was underneath the hotel and having a door opening in from it, I partook of such meals as I required at whatever time of the day I felt disposed. This saloon is certainly magnificent, and I know of no place in either London or Paris that can cope with it. At any time of the day either breakfast, dinner, or supper will be served, and without any great length of time waiting. The charge here was most moderate, and, compared with the prices charged in Paris, were indeed very low. There are numerous other hotels and eating saloons, many of which are considered grander than the International. There are also many fine theatres, of which I believe Niblo's ranks among the first; but it would be out of place were I to enter into a description here, and give a list of the various buildings, &c., as, were I to do so, I should be departing from my resolution not to put this account of New York in so full a form as to make it a guide. But if by describing the various

places I visited, I may excite a feeling of interest in some of my readers' minds which, when opportunity should occur, might tempt them to visit the Western world, or may give to others a fair idea of what is to be seen by an excursion to the States, I shall have performed my task. This, therefore, must be my excuse for the hasty glance I have only given at this splendid city.

The Central Park is of quite recent date, and is situated about the centre of the island, about six miles from South-street ferry and the commencement of the Broadway. It is the great rendezvous of the citizens of New York. The drives and walks are many and kept in good order, and one wide road, which runs through the park, may be termed the American Rotten-row, for it is the great drive and ride for the fashionable inhabitants. There is in Central Park a handsome marble archway, with a fountain at one end, which is thought a great deal of; but on account of the marble being unpolished, which it was when I visited, the grand appearance one would suppose a marble arch would have was not present, though, nevertheless, it was very handsome. There are numerous entrances to the park, and the grounds are well kept. I suppose by this time Central Park has been so developed that were I to enter into a description of what I saw there I might only mislead my readers, and give an idea of

what the place was, not what it is; therefore I shall pass over it, and, in conclusion, just mention a most celebrated place of amusement—the world-renowned "Barnum's Museum," which occupied a position in the Broadway opposite the Astor House, or nearly so. In this house many and varied were the entertainments. I believe I saw Tom Thumb, Minnie Warren, and Commodore Nutt at the time they were reported to be in England. Also performing dogs, and a wonderful play, which I should think was the produce of Mr. Barnum's inventive mind—the Prince of Wales out on a spree—which, on account of the absurdity of the whole affair, elicited shouts of laughter from the audience. The performing seals and many other wonders were to be seen; but I believe the whole place was burned down shortly after I left the States. Like the Polytechnic in London, Barnum's Museum was a great place for the city people to take their country friends to when they came up to town for a few days, as there were more charms to attract their attention at Barnum's than they might be disposed to think a good piece in the theatre would present.

New York is supplied with fresh water from Croton. A short description of the great waterworks I have before given when describing the various places on the banks of the Hudson, therefore I shall only remind my readers that th:

supply of water comes a distance of forty miles. There are numerous schools, special academies, and colleges, where the education of the youthful members of society is attended to. Then for the poor the State supplies schools, and there is a Board of Education in the city under whose supervision these schools are carried on. There are public, ward, and corporate schools, and the cost of each scholar is estimated at about eight dollars per annum.

New York is well defended from external attacks, and many are the forts and batteries that surround it; and I believe all the newest inventions and architectural skill were called into action in their construction. When I visited the place a splendid new fort was in progress of erection at the entrance of Sandy Hook, which would have to be passed before any vessels of war could proceed up to New York. Staten Island, distant from the city about eight miles, is the government station for inspecting all ships before they are permitted to proceed on to the city, and thus an importation of disease is prevented.

Having now taken a passing glance at the city of New York, and some of the places of interest in it, I would bring this little work to a close; but before doing so I must say a few words about the modes of proceeding to visit the places of interest

in the States. And now that little, though beautiful Switzerland can be seen in so short a time, that the places of interest in France, Italy, and Spain are not so much sought after, and that travelling and modes of travelling have become so pleasant and inexpensive, and America brought so near by those rapid transatlantic steamers which so often leave and return to our shores, a trip to the Falls of Niagara, or down the rapids of the St. Lawrence, may be thought as little of and done in nearly as short a time as a continental tour, and quite as cheaply if gone about in the proper way. Liverpool I should advise as the starting-point, for from the Mersey proceed weekly several splendid steamers both in summer and winter. The paddle steamers of the Cunard line, which carry the mails, rank as the first. They are fitted up with every convenience and replete with every comfort, and they are well officered, and, as a rule, make the quickest passages. But the fares are much higher than by the boats of the other lines, and by those to whom money is an object, or who do not care to spend more than is needful to do the thing in comfort, the steamers of the Inman or National lines will be found to fully meet all requirements.

The great point to consider in making a tour to the United States is the time that will be occupied in the transatlantic voyage, and this may be reckoned

on as from nine to thirteen days in going and the same in returning, and to those who have only three weeks or a month's vacation it forms an insuperable barrier to their making a tour in the western world. But even so short a time as six weeks will be found sufficient to take a hasty glance at most of the places I have referred to in this work. The voyage occupying twenty-two or twenty-four days in going and returning, leaves nearly three weeks for seeing New York and travelling up country, which will be found sufficient; and though a much longer time can be pleasantly and profitably spent by those who have plenty of leisure time at their command, a six weeks' tour to the States of New York and Vermont will amply repay for all the trouble and expense it may incur.

There are many persons who, having exhausted the stock of home and continental trips, who having been through Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, have visited the various places in France, Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy, are at a loss to know where to go, and whose health requires that they should have some change of air, scene, and thought, to whom a run across the Atlantic, and on the Hudson to Albany, from thence to the far-famed Falls of Niagara, and down the rapids of the St. Lawrence to Montreal, returning by those beautiful lakes of Champlain and Horicon to the city of New York,

would prove not only most interesting and amusing but also most beneficial to health. Men who, hard at work in some large city, and who have scarcely had time to breathe the fresh air of a rural district, require that they should allow themselves some short time each summer or autumn to recruit their health and spirits, cannot do better than make up their minds to cross the Atlantic and spend a few weeks in a country so beautiful in itself and so extensive in its dominions.

Formerly it was regarded as a most serious undertaking to proceed to America, and great were the preparations made for the voyage; now it can be no longer deemed anything of so serious a nature, and for luggage a good portmanteau will be found quite sufficient for all requirements during the trip. Everything that can be wanted is provided on board, and a capital table is kept, and all wines can be obtained at a moderate price from the chief steward.

The fares by the Inman line from Liverpool to New York are as follows:—Saloon cabin, and everything except wine provided, 22 guineas, 17 guineas, and 15 guineas; these three degrees of charges are made in the saloon passage tickets, and the difference is entirely in the sleeping accommodation, and it depends on the sum paid how many berths are arranged in the cabin. The return fares are £33 £30, £28 respectively, available for twelve months

from the date of issue. The boats of this line are very fine indeed, and most comfortable; they are thirteen in number and some of them very fast; one of them once made the passage home from New York under eight days.

The fares by the National Company's steamers are lower—the saloon passage is 15 guineas, and the return ticket, available for four months, £26 5s. The accommodation aboard these steamers is capital, and an excellent table is kept. The average time occupied in the run across the Atlantic is a little longer than that of the boats of the Inman or Cunard lines, but the National Company's steamers will be found good sea boats and most comfortable. I came home in one of them from New York in fourteen days. But should any of my readers wish to proceed to Portland or Quebec, and thence to Montreal, up the St. Lawrence, across Lake Ontario, to the Falls of Niagara, and then to Albany, and down the Hudson river to New York, where one of the steamers I have just mentioned will be found in readiness to sail for home, they could proceed from Liverpool to Montreal by the Montreal Ocean Steam Ship Company's steamers. These vessels ply between Liverpool and Montreal, landing passengers at Portland and Quebec in summer, and in winter stopping at Portland, on account of the St. Lawrence being

blocked up with ice. The fares by this company's steamers are from fifteen to eighteen guineas according to the accommodation required in the state-room; but all saloon passengers mess together, and enjoy equal privilege in the cabin, the return tickets are £31 10s., and £26 5s. These steamers are very fine and are remarkably good sea boats. A friend who made several voyages in them informed me that they were most comfortable and dry even in the roughest weather. There are also other lines of steamers from England to New York. Sailing from Southampton, the North German Lloyd Company's steamers enjoy a well-deserved reputation, and make remarkably good passages; there are also boats from Glasgow and London, but they are, I believe, second rate.

Having now mentioned most of the principal steamers, and the various rates of passage, I should wish in conclusion to give my readers a few practical hints, which, if taken, may be beneficial during the tour. In the first place, after having chosen the steamer by which to go, the choice of a berth should occupy attention. The state-rooms are mostly all off the saloon, and those nearest amidships are the best; for not only are they in the best part of the ship when she pitches in heavy weather, but also they are farther removed from the screw,

which often makes a most unpleasant noise, and adds greatly to passengers' discomfort by keeping them awake.

In the next place, make a friend of the chief steward, who always has a number of pillows at his disposal, which, when the night is rough, will be found very comfortable. In many other ways also can he add to a passenger's comfort. If only going for a short time, do not bring much luggage. It will prove troublesome when landing, being packed away in the hold of the ship; and when travelling up country, will be found more in the way than useful. I should advise any gentleman making the tour I have written about, to leave the portmanteau or trunk in New York, and only take a travelling-bag with him containing such articles as may be required in the time. A waterproof suit will be found of great service, as sometimes the rain is very heavy and continues for several hours; and should the traveller have only one suit with him, he would be kept a prisoner during perhaps the whole day if he were not provided with waterproof garments. The tourist should also provide himself with a good glass, as from some of the mountains and hills splendid views can be obtained; and of a clear bright day, with the aid of the glass, long distances can be drawn apparently near.

The autumn, as we designate what the Americans

call "the fall of the year," will, I think, be found the best time for visiting the Northern States, for the leaves changing their colour, and the absence of the solar heat to the great extent which is felt during the summer, combine to render "the fall" a most pleasant time. Then the Indian summer, which is but a last farewell of the glowing sun, is charming, as all nature seems to rejoice in the warm rays of that orb which so soon leaves, and icy winter covers the earth and renders travelling less pleasant.

I need hardly remind the traveller that when he is beset by numerous friends he never saw before, each anxious to make him comfortable in some particular hotel, he must avoid their importunities, and under no circumstances allow himself to be prevailed upon to permit them to be his guide: These men are a great nuisance to persons landing, and it would therefore be better to choose one's hotel before leaving the ship if possible, and to proceed at once to it. When there located, it is easy enough to go and look for better should the place chosen not be sufficiently nice.

With these few remarks I would bring to a close an account of one of the most interesting tours I ever made; and in doing so, I must apologise to the public who may peruse this little work for all the imperfections it contains, for though I have en-

deavoured truthfully to describe, in as clear a manner as possible, all the various places of interest I visited, I feel there may be some errors made which I can only assure my readers have been unintentional.

THE END.

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